

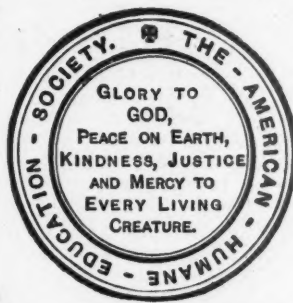
Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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AFRICAN ELEPHANTS, KARTOUM AND SULTANA

Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

For Our Dumb Animals by HELEN CROMWELL WHITE, Bradford, Pennsylvania

THE VOICELESS CRY

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on the stalk?

EMERSON.



In every age there has been some great appeal to humanity which has awakened the noblest minds to action. It may have been the call of patriotism, of religion, or of liberty. But throughout all the ages there is one appeal which has most often touched the human heart; there is one cry which has echoed most persistently down the dim corridors of history—at times a half-hushed murmur like the sound of distant waves; at times gathering in volume like the dull roar of the incoming tide; again, bursting forth in mighty tones like thunderous waves upon a rocky coast, and rivalling in its effects the mighty cataclysms of earth that have reared the mountain peaks and hollowed out the seas. It is the eternal cry for justice; and today that appeal is coming to humanity from a too frequently unconsidered race.

Man has been so long accustomed to think of himself as the sole owner of the universe; to look upon his rights as the only rights in existence; to believe that everything has been placed upon God's earth for his use and his pleasure alone, that his eyes have become blinded to the great world of life about him and to the rights of his brother creatures,—alike in kind, though different in degree.

Any being, endowed with feeling, has the right not to suffer. If an animal struck or wounded by a rude hand could suddenly acquire speech, it might say to its persecutor,—“What have I done to you? Why do you treat me like a senseless thing? I am like you in so much, at least, in that I feel, I suffer, I die.”

The being who could speak thus, and thus defend his rights has a virtual right, even though he cannot express it; and it is this voiceless cry, coming from thousands of dumb and suffering creatures, that is today sending up its silent plea for justice.

Cruelty of the Sport of Today

From Plutarch to Voltaire, from Celsus to Sir Arthur Helps, the ablest and most earnest pleading against cruelty has been made by the finest and most logical minds. But the majority of men and women are neither just nor generous, neither fine nor logical when called upon to consider a question which concerns their own pleasures; and even yet, it would seem that the world has not listened, for it is in the present civilized century that we find most fully developed that crystallized and applauded form of cruelty,—the killing of harmless animals for sport.

According to Plutarch, it was a saying of Bion, “That though the boys threw stones at frogs in sport, yet the frogs did not die in sport but in earnest.” And today thousands of harmless creatures are dying “in earnest” every year to satisfy man's perverted idea of pleasure.

At the rate at which whole species of animals have been exterminated for “sport,” it would seem that there would soon be no room for animals on the earth. I do not think such a time will ever come. I believe the world is good at heart, generous at heart, merciful at heart.

I would say in all fairness to the sportsman that I do not think that it is in the death and suffering of the creatures whose lives he takes, that he finds his true pleasure. Let me quote from Sidney Buxton, a member of Parliament and a noted English shot: “The pleasure,” says he, “is largely due to that irresistible attraction of sport,—the aboriginal instinct for killing.” And again from Mr. Aflalo, an authority on hunting, who, in an article in defense of sport, says: “I cannot believe that any hunting, or fishing, or shooting man, thinking twice

about the matter, would deny that a measure of cruelty is incidental to all sport.”

Let us take an account of this slight “measure of cruelty.” We may safely estimate that, at least, one out of every fifty of the birds shot or wounded is never recovered by the hunter. Consider the thousands and tens of thousands of game birds alone which are shot in a single year and then think of the awful sum of agony inflicted on the wounded “cripples” that escape to linger in the brushwood.

Brutality of the English Fox-Hunt

Go with me, if you will, to an English fox-hunt. Spreading out before us is the peaceful English landscape, with its rolling hills, its quiet farms separated here and there by the dark lines of hedges, its silvery streams glimmering between willow-covered banks, and its general air of peace and quiet. One might almost think, as he stands on the grassy knoll and looks about upon this placid scene, that he had been transported to a veritable Arcadia. But the bay of a hound resounds from the valley below and soon winding into view comes a company of gaily-coated horsemen. So brilliant is the array that one scarcely notices a streak of dusky red that flashes across the valley not many rods ahead of the foremost hound. In and out it goes, through hedges, across ditches, doubling and redoubling on its tracks, using all its God-given instincts of self-preservation; but to what avail against a dozen mounted huntsmen and twice the number of dogs? It has leaped the brook, has doubled on its tracks once more, and is circling at the very foot of the knoll on which we stand. What a sight! The tongue is hanging from its foaming lips; its eyes are brilliant with terror; the tiny limbs are trembling and the breath comes and goes in choking gasps. Slowly but surely the dogs are gaining on it. One rod, two rods, three,—and the foremost hound has at last ended the long hours of terror-stricken agony. The huntsmen, with shouts of triumph, gallop up and halt to complete the work by cutting off the bushy tail from its torn and mangled body.

And yet we are told that it is only the sportsman who stops to think “twice about the matter” who can not deny this slight “measure of cruelty.” It is easy to excuse the thoughtlessness of children; and humanity in the early stages of its development might with justice be excused of its crimes on the same plea. But who can say, in the enlightened philosophy of the present day, that thoughtlessness is not in itself a crime? What right have we to go on committing wrong through thoughtlessness or ignorance when the whole world of truth and right and justice lies open at our feet?

Dehumanizing Effect of Hunting

Civilized humanity has always claimed a strong admiration for such virtues. The pages of history are full of noble effort and heroic sacrifice in the cause of truth and right. The whole story of the ages proves man to be a justice-loving animal. And yet he has felt no qualms of conscience in the breeding of game birds that he may have the pleasure of killing them; he sees no wrong in the stalking of deer, or in riding a fox to death. As yet he glories in such sport and today we are taken as a final treat to view his private storeroom of trophies. The walls are adorned with the antlers of the moose, the stuffed heads of deer, rows of fox tails and wings of birds of all colors and descriptions. The floor is carpeted with the skins of the wild bear, the tiger, and the deer. Cases of various stuffed animals are there for our entertainment. Such rooms are called, in our modern homes, the “den,” and to a sensitive soul they are truly “dens of horror,” for every trophy on wall and floor tells of an unfair advantage taken over a fellow creature, or of a terrible struggle for life against overwhelming odds.

It is this injustice of sport which must, or ought to appeal to every thinking man and

For Our Dumb Animals

THE LITTLE SENTINEL

O quite unbeautiful is he,—
My little friend in mottled coat,—
With awkward and ungainly form,
Capacious mouth and swollen throat.

Save for his eyes, which Shakespeare called
The “precious jewels in his head,”
He might to some repulsive seem,
Hopping about the garden bed.

Yet dear to me, who know his worth,
Is he who guards my garden well,
As daily on patrol he goes,
This faithful little sentinel.

When morn first decks the rose with pearls
And spangled veils flings o'er the grass,
I find him watchful at his post,—
As up and down the walks I pass,—

Quick to despatch the noxious pests
That war upon the roses red;
'Tis he helps up the violets,
The lily rear her graceful head;

The bluebells ring their fairy chimes
To welcome in the blushing June;
The poppies light, in carnival,
Their fires at the year's high noon.

No more would come the humming-bird
And butterfly on radiant wing—
Were't not for him—to sip the wine
Drawn from the garden's blossoming.

And all the luscious fragrances
That through my casement subtly float
He helped to woo from all sweet things—
This shy, wee friend in spotted coat.

Screened in the garden's foliage,
Amongst the lush green grass he lurks—
A skilled detective—all day long;
And swiftly, silently he works.

O humble toad, take thou my thanks,
Thy services I truly prize;
Unharm'd thy lot, may life be long,
My garden thy blest paradise!

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

woman—injustice alike to hunter as well as hunted. Macaulay is supposed to have made an exquisite hit when he declared that the Puritans were opposed to bear-baiting because it pleased the spectators, and not because it gave pain to the bear. And yet no better reason could possibly be given for suppressing sport than its dehumanizing effect upon the sportsman. Blood-sports must of necessity breed indifference to suffering, and indifference is in itself a drying-up process of the soul.

Someone has said that we must “take life as we find it,” and so we must; but we have no right to leave it as we found it. Is not that man or woman guilty of crime who goes out of the world without having developed to the full his own God-given powers, and without having added something to the sum total of the world's happiness,—guilty of crime not only towards himself but against all humanity? For whatever does not tend to crush out the lower instincts cannot fail to retard the whole human race in that march towards perfection, which is the ultimate aim of all life. Is it not time, then, that the aboriginal instinct to kill were crushed out of human nature? Is it not time that humanity should come to realize that underlying all life there is but one principle, one soul? Is it not time that this long and useless warfare between man and beast were at an end? But if we have not as yet progressed so far, if we still must hunt, let it be with camera and field-glass. You will find the sport quite as exciting. If we must hunt to kill, let it at least be done fairly. Leave your horses and guns and dogs behind and go out into the woods to match your human instincts against those of the creature whose life you seek, and take your chances of being hunter or hunted in all fairness of the game. If animals must still be killed at all, let us, at least, not find our pleasure in the killing.



Supt Wells of Connecticut Humane Society and Pet Horse "Dandy"

THE HORSE'S POINT OF VIEW In Summer

If a horse could talk he would have many things to say when summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say,—"Give me a little water many times a day, when the heat is intense, but not much at a time if I am warm; if you want me to keep well don't water me for two hours after I have eaten."

He would say,—"When the sun is hot and I am working let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears to keep off the sun is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it."

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruel city cobblestones—the pressure of the load pushing him to the fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

When he falls, he would ask that you quickly loosen his harness and help him to rise, without blows.

Watch for the appearance of gall-spots, and try to heal them before they grow worse.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly net when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep out the insects that bite and sting.

He would plead for as cool and comfortable a stable as possible in which to rest at night after a day's work under the hot sun.

He would suggest that living through a warm night in a stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded is suffering for him and poor economy for the owner.

He would say that turning the hose on him is altogether too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not too warm on a hot day he would find agreeable.

He would say,—"Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night, and also sponge me with clean cool water under the collar and saddle of the harness."

For Our Dumb Animals

AN EXPRESSMAN WHO CARES

Being especially interested in express horses, for they seem to be the most faithful and least loved of all animals, I was quite rejoiced to see, a few days ago, an expressman who really loved his horse and dog. He did not know that anyone was watching him as he stopped to give the horse a drink in Fort Hill square, Boston. The care he took to make everything comfortable for the horse to drink, petting him when he finished drinking, made me notice him particularly. I supposed that was the end of it and expected to see him hop in and drive off, but to my surprise he took a little tin dish, filled it with water, and let a brown dog of no great beauty have his drink of water too. After quenching his thirst the dog thanked his master by wagging his tail. The dish was put back under the seat, the driver then mounted to his place and took up the reins, and the horse started off most willingly, the dog trotting along beside the horse still wagging his tail happily. How many drivers would think about the little dish for water for the dog?

A. B. BIGELOW.

HORSES IN SWITZERLAND

People traveling on the Continent have often been troubled to see the unkind way in which animals are treated, more especially in Paris, Italy and Spain.

In Switzerland there has for some time existed a strong animals' protection society, which has now organized classes for cab drivers, coachmen and all who have charge of horses. These classes are very largely attended by the cab drivers and others who intend to take up a line of life in which they will have much to do with horses. Examinations are held periodically, the examiners being veterinary surgeons, police inspectors and cab proprietors, the pupils being examined in what they had learned during the course of lessons—that is, how to drive; the best kind of harness, and the proper way of harnessing; how to look after and feed horses, and what horses can be expected to do, and what not. "Students" who wish to join these classes, but cannot afford to do so, are given assistance from a special fund for the purpose.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE CATTLE TRAIN

Below my window goes the cattle train,
And stands for hours along the river park,
Fear, Cold, Exhaustion, Hunger, Thirst and Pain;
Dumb brutes we call them—Hark!

The bleat of frightened mother-calling young,
Deep-throated agony, shrill frantic cries,
Hoarse murmur of the thirst-distended tongue,
Up to my window rise.

Bleak lies the shore to northern wind and sleet,
In open-slatted cars they stand and freeze;
Beside the broad blue river in the heat
All waterless go these.

Hot, fevered, frightened, trampled, bruised and torn;
Frozen to death before the ax descends;
We kill these weary creatures, sore and worn,
And eat them—with our friends.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

WHEN THE HORSE GROWS OLD

Some horses never seem to grow old, but are able to perform much work up to the age of twenty-five years, declares a writer in the *American Cultivator*. With proper care and treatment the old horse is able to stand a great deal of work and for light work is worth just as much as a much younger animal. If offered for sale, of course the old horse will not bring a very large price.

But if horses are to be serviceable until a good old age they must receive the very best of care and treatment at all times. They must not be neglected at any time, whether working or idle.

The old horse does not always get proper attention in regard to feed. He cannot masticate some kinds of food, especially corn, thoroughly, nor can he eat his ration in as short a time as can a young animal whose teeth are sound. So, unless some ground grain is provided for him and he is given sufficient time to eat his meals when being worked, he will fail to get the full benefit of his food and in a short time will begin to lose flesh and strength.

When the horse begins to grow old give him just as good care as you did when he was young, and he will more than pay for his feed and care by the work which he can perform.

AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION

Annual Meeting in San Francisco, October 2, 3, 4, 1911

The thirty-fifth annual meeting of The American Humane Association will be held in San Francisco, from October 2 to 4, next. Delegates have already signified their intention of going from all parts of the United States. The last annual meeting of this Association was held in Washington, D. C., last October, and was attended by representatives from thirty foreign countries, it being an international event.

The San Francisco meeting will not be an international gathering but will be the first time that The American Humane Association has met on the Pacific coast. Most of the delegates from the east will gather in Chicago and go direct, but a considerable number are planning to go by the Canadian Pacific railroad for the remarkable scenery along this wonderful route, which traverses the most picturesque and rugged portion of the American continent and is without a rival for accessible mountain scenery in North America.

Some of the delegates are planning to stop a day at Banff, and also a day at Laggan, during the trip over the Canadian Pacific. A party is also planning to visit Vancouver and Seattle. The Chamber of Commerce of Portland and the local anti-cruelty society have extended a cordial invitation for a reception and trip around the city for delegates going to the San Francisco convention. The roses of the Oregon metropolis are said to be well worth seeing. By whatever roads the delegates may go, all are planning to be in San Francisco by Saturday evening, September 30, or early the following morning. An admirable automobile trip for seeing the sights of San Francisco is planned for soon after the arrival so that the delegates may feel at home and know the city. The meeting of the Association will last three days, the time being equally divided between the interests devoted to child and animal protection.

The program for the meeting is not yet fully mapped out, although important papers have been promised by many distinguished speakers. Among those who will address the convention are the Hon. Hiram Johnson, Governor of California; Dr. William O. Stillman, President of The American Humane Association; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California; H. H. Hart, representing the Russell Sage Foundation of New York City; E. H. Newhall, President of the California S. P. C. C.; Rev. H. E. Gilchrist, D.D., representing the Louisiana S. P. C. A.; E. L. Conger, President State Humane Association of California; J. A. B. Scherer, President Throop Polytechnic Institute, California; John L. Shortall, President Illinois Humane Society, Chicago; John Partridge, President San Francisco S. P. C. A.; Oscar A. Trounstein, Secretary Ohio Humane Society, Cincinnati; Guy Richardson, Secretary American Humane Education Society, Boston; Hon. Robert J. Wilkin, President New York State Convention of Anti-Cruelty Societies, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Nathaniel J. Walker, Secretary The American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y., and many other distinguished speakers representing many sections of the United States.

Among the subjects that will attract special attention at this meeting will be the study of the delinquent child and other problems connected with child protection; humane education, which is rapidly coming to the front, will also receive much attention; child probation and various methods for compelling delinquent parents to properly care for their families will

be discussed. Among the subjects relating to the work for the protection of animals will be the quick and painless slaughter of animals for food; the transportation of livestock; the protection of animals from contagious diseases; the best methods of harnessing, driving and shoeing horses; shelters for animals both large and small; the construction of stables and barns; cruelties connected with trapping and killing animals; and measures for the prevention of every form of cruelty.

The Trans-Continental Passenger Association has granted to persons attending the meeting special, low railroad fares. All members of anti-cruelty societies throughout the United States and Canada, and all persons interested in this great philanthropic movement, in every portion of the United States, are cordially invited to attend this Conference and to apply at once by letter to The American Humane Association, Albany, New York, for full particulars regarding railroad rates and hotel accommodations.

Secretary Matthew McCurrie of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. writes of the local plans as follows:

The California societies are united to make the meeting one that will live long in the memory of the visitors. Scenery, climate and many other natural charms, will repay the delegates, to some extent, for the long trip across the continent, but it is also the desire of the western societies to make the meeting one that will redound in much good from a humanitarian standpoint. Beyond question, the convention will greatly stimulate the movement in the West, and the societies want delegates to feel that they also will be richly benefited.

From Oregon to Mexico, California covers more than 750 miles and in that area there are over fifty humane organizations. Recently a three days' convention was held in Riverside, in the southern part of the state, the principal object of which was to create enthusiasm for the national convention in October. The meeting was well attended, much interest aroused, and the societies pledged a large attendance at the convention and a cordial welcome for the visitors.

The program will occupy the first three days of the convention and the last two will be devoted to sight-seeing. Funds for the entertainment of the delegates will be furnished by the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Oakland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Local arrangements are in charge of this committee from the three organizations: Mrs. J. H. Mathews, Mrs. A. P. Holland, Mrs. Laurence Gronlund, Messrs. E. W. Newhall, C. O. G. Miller, Chas. J. Bosworth, John Partridge, Frank H. Harris and Matthew McCurrie.

San Francisco's famous hostelry, Hotel St. Francis, has been chosen as the official headquarters of the convention, and most of the meetings will be held there, although a large public meeting will probably be held in one of the many theatres. Plans for the entertainment of the visitors have not been definitely settled, but they are assured that the two days of sight-seeing will be enjoyably spent. After leaving San Francisco the delegates will spend two days in Southern California, where the local societies are making elaborate preparations to entertain their guests among the orange groves of that picturesque locality.

For Our Dumb Animals

HARNESSING THE ELEPHANT

For some time past the society in Paris known as "The Friends of the Elephant" has been convinced that that animal is of great economic value to mankind; and that the big game hunters are exterminating a species whose value has been but little appreciated. Statistics published by this society put the number of wild elephants in Africa, whose labor might be available for economic purposes, at 350,000. If put to work, these elephants would, it is estimated, be worth something like \$200,000,000 to their employers. One domesticated and well-trained elephant, they claim, can do the work of thirty men. In other words, the labor of one good elephant might serve to run a fair sized farm. The society is, therefore, actively engaged in an endeavor to put a stop to the slaughter of elephants by the hunters, especially those hunters whose sole purpose is sport.

It has been pointed out time and again that one of the chief obstacles to agricultural development in the equatorial districts of Africa is the difficulty of procuring beasts of burden. Accordingly, the experiment now being made at Api, in the Congo State, is being watched with much interest. There has been established an elephant farm embracing some fifty elephants. These were captured when quite young, and so far from being intractable, as many persons imagine elephants to be, they prove willing and competent workers.

The method pursued in "breaking" them is pretty much like that followed elsewhere in the case of horses. After his preliminary efforts to get upon good terms with the animal, the driver first mounts it in the stable. The next step is to adjust a simple harness, whereby two baskets may be carried on each side, and these are loaded with such produce as may be necessary. In a little while a breast-band is applied, when the elephant is taught to draw a light tree trunk, then a little cart, and finally a heavy wagon. When carts and wagons are drawn, the animals are generally paired, but when the elephant is used for plowing, it is driven singly.

In Eastern countries elephants do really wonderful work in dragging and sorting lumber and in breaking up obstructions caused by logs in streams. One observing an elephant at work in a timber-yard is at once struck by the intelligence shown by the animal. He will test the weight of a log in a way that is almost human. First the tusker will lift up one end with his trunk, and, if he deems it within his power to lift the whole, he will shift his trunk gradually until he reaches the exact center. Then, by kneeling down, he will roll the log on to his tusks and carry it either to be stacked or to the sawmill.

On tea plantations elephants are employed to aid in building construction by keeping the masons supplied with blocks of stone. If the wall be not too high, these clever workers will not take up the block, but will lay it in place quite correctly. There is on record the case of one Cingalese elephant who was regularly employed in this way under the orders of an overseer. The man was accustomed to signal the elephant as to its work, and when one block had been "passed," he would silently accord the elephant permission to proceed with the next one to be laid.

Once this elephant placed himself against a portion of a wall in such a way that the overseer was prevented from examining that part of the job. The man insisted upon the animal moving aside. The animal, seeing that his ruse had failed, immediately began to pull down the wall he had just built, which, he was evidently aware, was badly done, at the very point where he had tried to conceal it from the eye of the overseer.

EDWIN TARRISSE,

Washington, D. C.

"You're a queer-looking thing to want to fight with me," said the young bulldog, contemptuously. "You're not in my class."

"Perhaps not," replied the porcupine, quietly "but I think I can give you a few points."





SABLE AND WHITE COLLIE, "ORMSKIRK PERFECTION,"
Owned by N. Rittenhouse, Jackson, Michigan.

Courtesy of Dog Fancier

For Our Dumb Animals RAGGED ROVER

I have still a vision of him,
Ragged Rover, as he lay
In the sunshine of the morning
On the door-stone worn and gray;
Where the honeysuckle trellis
Hung its tinted blossoms low,
And the well-sweep with its bucket
Swung its burden to and fro;
Where the maples were a-quiver
In the pleasant June-time breeze;
And where droned among the phloxes
Half a hundred golden bees.

Yes, I have a vision with me
Of a home upon a hill;
And my heart is sad with longing
And my eyes with tear-drops fill.
I would be the care-free urchin
That I was so long ago
When across the sunlit meadows
Rover with me used to go
Yonder where the graceful lindens
Threw their shadows far and cool,
And the waters waited for me
In the brimming swimming pool.

I can see him drive the cattle
From the pasture through the lane
With their mellow bells a-tinkle,
Sending out a slow refrain;
I can see him drive them homeward,
Speckle, Brindle, Bess and Belle;
All the herd from down the valley
As the shades of even fell.

Thus, I wander like a pilgrim—
Slow the steps that once were strong;
Back to greet him, Ragged Rover,
And my childhood's ceaseless song.

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

REFORMS IN DOG POUNDS

What is considered the most signal triumph in the history of the Oregon Humane Society of Portland is the recent reform accomplished in the method of killing dogs at the city dog pound. It seems that formerly the impounded canines were destroyed by a means savoring of Heine's description of hell, but now a modification of the San Francisco plan has been adopted.

It consists of an air-tight chamber about nine feet long, seven feet wide, and with a cage of slats mounted on wheels and made to fit within the chamber. When the cage is filled with the dogs it is run within the lethal chamber, all outlets closed and the gas turned on. There is no pain and life is extinct in a minute.

We congratulate the Oregon Society upon this change, and trust that if there are any other cities where the inhumane methods that previously prevailed in Portland are in vogue, some vigorous Society or individual will arise to bring about the needed reform.

ANIMALS IN PROVERBS

If you want a pretense to whip a dog it is easy enough to say he ate up the frying-pan.

An ass covered with gold is more respected than a good horse in a pack-saddle.

A braying ass eats little hay.

An ass does not hit himself twice on the same stone.

Better an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.

A good horse cannot be of a bad color.

It's the abilities of the horse that occasion his slavery.

All bite a bitten dog.

Give a dog an ill name and you may as well hang him.

A scalded dog is afraid of cold water.

When cats are mousing they don't mew.

Who hunts two hares together catches neither.

A little sheep always seems young.

Milk a cow, but don't pull off the udder.

Of what use is a cow that gives plenty of milk if she upsets the pail?

Do not fail to provide plenty of water for your pets in summer.

For Our Dumb Animals

A TRAMP WHO WAS A HERO



WAS curled up on the walk one cold afternoon trying to catch a fragment of much needed sleep and to keep warm at the same time. That particular spot was made half-way comfortable by the piping under the pavement. You see, I was what they call a "tramp" dog. I confess I had no home, but that was no fault of mine. I had a master once and a comfortable home and I was happy. But master was one day called away on a long

journey and made provision for my lodging at a neighbor's whom I knew from the start I could not succeed in pleasing.

In less than a week he had nailed up the door of my kennel, and shut off my source of supplies. I took the hint and departed myself, spurred on by the growing pangs of hunger.

As I lay there huddled up that cold December afternoon I wondered how long this fast was going to last. The memory of my few months of happiness when I was at home and knew how fresh meat and clean table-leavings tasted, and received encouraging words and gentle patting, —all this had faded through the loneliness and misery of trampdom.

If I could only prove my right to live, to a home, to kind treatment and a place in some child's heart! I had made advances enough only to have my good intentions misinterpreted. I had gone so far as to one day pick up a scarf a child had let slip from her shoulders, and proceeded to restore the same, but before I could do so a half dozen pedestrians were chasing me across the street, and in the shuffle the scarf was ruined by the feet of one of my pursuers. The child burst into tears, and imprecations followed me, even far up the alley. That sort of thing had completely discouraged me and I concluded that dogs understand men a great deal better than they understand us.

I do not know how long I lay there thinking of man's inhumanity to dogs. I know I fell

asleep, and from my sleep was sharply aroused by the sound of breaking glass. Looking around I caught sight of a man thrusting his arm through a hole in the window of the jewelry store near by. No one was passing and it was plain the burglar was succeeding in his work. I knew what it all meant. I leaped to my feet and as the fellow turned to run I was at his heels barking furiously. He cursed me and kicked at me, but that only made me more determined. He darted into a dark alley, I being close behind.

On through the length of the narrow way he ran. By the time he emerged into the next thoroughfare where he hoped to have some chance of mingling in the holiday throng, he found me close upon him. My gating-gun bark finally attracted the attention of passers-by. They surmised the situation and joined in the chase. I gave way to no one, and when at last a big policeman nabbed the fleeing man and brought him to a standstill I had him by the trousers-leg.

"It's no use, gentlemen," he said with the short breath he had left. "If it hadn't been for that dog and his yelp I'd have got away. He's worth more than the whole bunch of you."

Well, there the lane turned and I came into my own. Things happened so quickly after that, I really lost track. Mr. Williams, the jeweler, actually took me, dirty as I was and steaming from exertion, and carried me into the store. There I met his wife and the sweetest little girl I had ever seen. I was the hero of the hour.

When finally it came time to close the store, visions of dark alleys and cold retreats came back with double force after this little taste of heaven, but, to my astonishment, I was bundled up and actually carried out to the waiting automobile and away we sped.

"Listen!" said the sweet little girl, laughingly shaking her finger in my inquiring face, "Just as soon as we get home I'm going to tie a pretty pink ribbon about your neck and you are going to be my playmate forever and forever. And how does that suit you?"

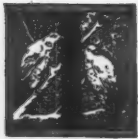
I suppose in answer I embarrassed them all for I barked all the way home, and danced about so that my mistress could hardly keep my wrap about me. My day of grace had begun.

Cincinnati, O.

E. ROBB ZARING,

By EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH, State Ornithologist of Massachusetts

THE TRUTH ABOUT EGRETS

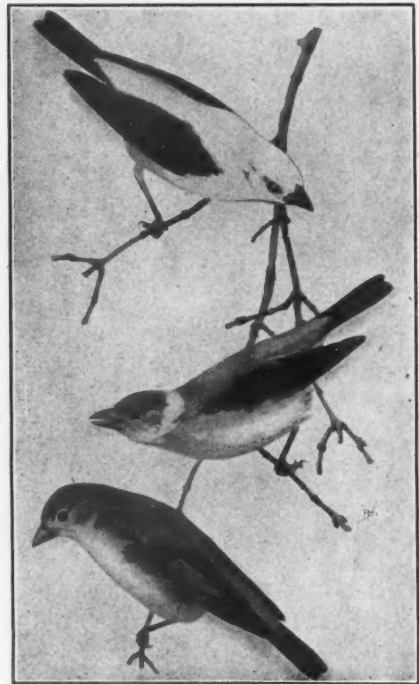


KNOW positively that egrets are killed to obtain their plumes; also they are killed in the breeding season at a time when they are hatching their eggs and rearing their young, for that is the only time that they produce the plumes which form the aigrette of commerce. I have seen a considerable number of these birds killed just before the breeding season and the plumes were undeveloped. Furthermore, plumes that have been moulted are damaged, for they are worn and soiled, and the only plumes that are valuable in commerce are those taken from the bird itself in the nesting season. Therefore, the tale of plumes picked from the bushes is evidently a fabrication invented by the feather dealers or some so-called "naturalist" who is probably in the business of procuring the plumes "for revenue only."

Now what are the facts? Less than a century ago, in the time of Audubon and Wilson, the egrets inhabited a great part of the United States. There were large heronries in the state of New Jersey and many birds came into New England, although they were never common here. Even within the past twenty years they bred in great numbers in the west, as far north as Oregon, and the Southern States swarmed with them during the early part of the last century. In the winter of 1877-78, when I was first in Florida, great flocks of these birds were still to be seen everywhere along the lagoons, rivers and lakes of the

southern counties of that state and great heronries were located there, some of which produced annually many thousands of birds. Plume hunters were then at work there destroying the birds. The country stores in southern Florida had large bunches of aigrette plumes hanging above the counters. The hunters were paid twenty-five to fifty cents each by the storekeepers, and every plume was attached to a piece of skin from the back of the bird that produced it. The bird had been killed and "scalped" to get its plumes. When I went there ten years later egrets were growing rare. Now both species are nearly extinct in the United States. The parent birds were shot down while attending their nests or bringing food to their young and the young were left in their nests to starve. If any one doubts this he can be referred to the reports of numerous ornithologists who have actually seen this work as I have. Today aigrettes such as were bought of the Florida hunter at fifty cents each now bring over eight pounds sterling per ounce in London or over twice the value of gold.

Venezuela is now the "home" of the egret, because the egrets of North America have been nearly exterminated. Those of South America will follow if the feather trade has its way. Laws fail to stop this atrocious butchery. There is no reason to believe that the Spanish Americans of South America will be able to protect these birds more effectively than the people of this country. The only remedy is to stop the sale of the plumes.



Photograph from Audubon Society

THE SCARLET Tanager

A flame went flitting through the wood;
The neighboring birds all understood
Here was a marvel of their kind;
And silent was each feathered throat
To catch the brilliant stranger's note,
And folded every songster's wing
To hide its sober coloring.

Against the tender green outlined,
He bore himself with splendid ease,
As though alone among the trees.
The glory passed from bough to bough—
The maple was in blossom now,
And then the oak, remembering
The crimson hint it gave in spring,
And every tree its branches swayed
And offered its inviting shade;
Where'er a bough detained him long,
A slender, silver thread of song
Was lightly, merrily unspun.

From early morn till day was done
The vision flitted to and fro.
At last the wood was all alone;
But, ere the restless flame had flown,
He left a secret with each bough,
And in the fall, where one is now,

A thousand tanagers will glow.

MARY AUGUSTA MASON.

A DWELLER OF THE WOODS

In recalling scenes of his boyhood a writer in *Outing* states that in the woods around his home in Kentucky the tanagers darted back and forth as if, as Thoreau says, they would ignite the leaves. It seemed then that these mighty woods could never be swept away. And what beauty was theirs! Beauty of song, of flower! Hundreds of tanagers where there is one now!

The tanager, because of his splendid plumage, is, like the cardinal, a prize for thoughtless and cruel hands. But fortunately for him he dwells in the most secluded places. True, now and again he comes near some quiet home and flutes his robinlike strain; but he was never a bird of the yard—he is too shy to love the crowded dwellings of men.

Sometimes, after a shower, the tanager, like the vireo, is at his best. And often, as twilight merges into night, he may be heard at the edge of the wood welcoming the first white star low in the west. Then his song seems to be a touching farewell to the dear woods that must soon pass away forever.

BIRD SANCTUARY FOR SCHOOL TOWN



JUST seventy years ago the late George T. Angell was fitting for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, New Hampshire, the town which now has the honor of having one of the first public bird preserves in New England.

At a recent meeting of the Meriden Bird Club, held at the Academy, it was formally announced that the Club had purchased for a bird sanctuary the property known as the Mary Ann Watson place. The price paid was \$1000. The money was raised by Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, and came chiefly through contributions from his friends outside of the village. The principal contributor was Miss Helen Woodruff Smith of Stamford, Connecticut, who permitted one-half of her gift of \$1000 to be used in the purchase of the reservation.

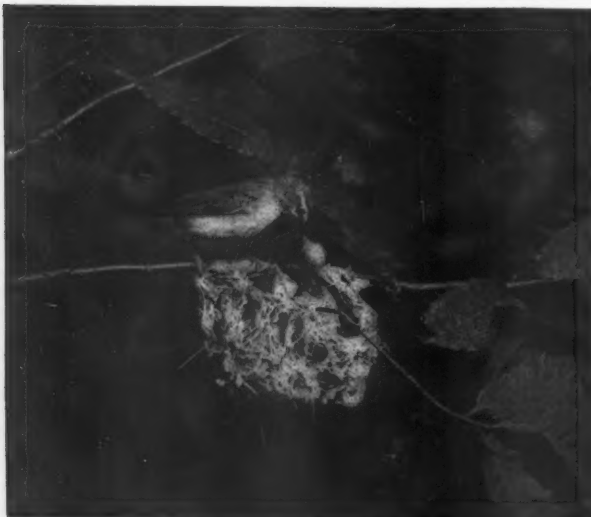
The announcement was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the many members

present, and the principal contributors were cheered again and again. The Academy students, almost all of whom are members of the Club and who were out in force, rose to their feet, and yelled as they seldom do save on the occasion of an athletic victory.

The property is an almost ideal one for the purpose of a bird reserve. It contains thirty-two acres, about one-third of which is pasture, studded thickly with white pines, and with a grove of fine old maples in one corner; about one-third rolling grassy meadow, with a brook running through it, and one-third beautiful woodland, with plenty of sheltering undergrowth and trees of all sizes, including some of the grandest old hemlocks in New England. The higher portions of the land afford magnificent views of Ascutney Mountain and the surrounding country.

The preserve will take the name of its first patron, and will probably be known as the Helen Woodruff Smith Bird Sanctuary. The location is doubly desirable because it is so accessible. It is on the west side of Meriden hill and within two minutes walk of the Academy.

It is the purpose of the Club to make the preserve attractive to birds by erecting hundreds of nesting boxes, by planting trees, shrubs and flowers of certain kinds, by establishing bird baths and drinking fountains, by liberally feeding the feathered guests in winter, and by destroying their natural enemies. Various new methods of attracting and protecting wild birds will be thoroughly tested, and if successful will be recommended in an annual report, which will be sent to all members. The Club desires to extend its usefulness by means of a widely-distributed membership, and bird-lovers in all parts of the country will be invited to join.



RED-EYED VIREO FEEDING HER YOUNG

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed,
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

For Our Dumb Animals

DUMB DUCK AND CRAFTY CROW

The shore line of Puget Sound, some twenty-six hundred miles in extent, is famous for the quantity and quality of clams it produces. There are many varieties, chief among which are the small butter clam, the larger horse clam, the cockle, and one or two others. Instead of a barbecue on the Fourth of July, wherein roast beef and pork figures prominently, in Washington a clam-bake is preferred. The clams are baked in the sands on the beach. The Siwash Indians in generations ago lived principally on clams, as do the generations today who inhabit the beaches.

Birds, particularly water-fowl, have acquired a ravenous appetite for clams of all kinds. The duck, the mud-hen, and the hell-diver prefer a fat clam to wild rice or celery. They dive to the bottom of the water, and on finding the clam with his shell open, swiftly pluck the body from its coating. Frequently tragedies in bird life happen by this act. Sometimes the clam closes his shell on the beak of the bird before his body is jerked loose. When this happens death generally results for the bird. A clam has power enough to pinch a duck's beak almost flat. If the bird goes ashore to await the clam's pleasure in letting loose, nine times out of ten he will starve from hunger before the clam lets go. If the bird takes to the water, as he sometimes does, the weight of the clam pulls his head beneath the surface, so that in a short time he drowns. Many water-fowl are found dead from this cause.

One bird caught in this manner, which the writer watched for an hour, floundered about in the water, its head submerged during the entire time, in a futile effort to find shore. When pulled out of the water, apparently dead, no less than a full pint of water ran out the bird's gulping beak after the clam was removed. For an hour or more the head and neck were so paralyzed that the bird had no control over them. However, shortly after, the duck swam away.

But clams are not crafty enough to outwit the crow. Few other creatures in the animal world are. Crows, of course, can not dive to prey upon clams, but when the tide is low they gather in great flocks for a fat feed. They rarely if ever take a chance on life by putting their beaks into a clam's open shell. They are too foxy for that. When a crow catches a clam with his long, black neck protruding, he grasps it in his bill and flies high in the air, maneuvering until he is directly above a pile of floating driftwood or beach wood ashore. When in the proper position he lets go and Mr. Clam comes rushing to mother earth. Striking the solid driftwood, with unerring aim, the shell is crushed to a pulp. As he lets go, the crow begins descent, and the shell is no more than broken when the crow is there to commence his feast. It is claimed that aviators will require much experience to become expert in dropping shells on hostile fleets. But if they can arrange for a series of lessons from the crows they may gain much valuable information to help them become master marksmen.

MONROE WOOLLEY,

Coupeville, Wash.



SWANS AT SCHERZLIGEN, SWITZERLAND

For Our Dumb Animals

TOM WATSON AND THE BIRDS

A pair of wrens had nested in a corner of the awning on the back porch of Tom Watson's house at Thomson, Georgia. It was a canvas awning which shaded the windows of the summer dining-room and ran the length of the porch. When the tiny nest was discovered, the awning was down, and down it stayed, through sunny days and dark days, until the little birds were feathered and had flown out into the world. Then the awning was drawn up.

The summer was not quite over, and the wrens soon had another nest built in the awning and filled with eggs. This time the awning stayed up, through cloudy days and sunny days, until Tom Watson's tiny friends were strong enough to fly away into the trees and shrubbery around the house.

That was a year ago.

Last spring Mr. Watson decided to add two side porches to his house. When the carpenters came to put up the timbers for the porch on the western side they found that a pair of wrens had nested in an angle of a window. Tom Watson was told about it, and the work of building that porch stopped right there. Contractors, carpenters, bricklayers and concrete men—all waited for the little wrens to make their start in life. As soon as they flew away, the work went on.

The birds and the squirrels are Tom's friends, and he protects them as he would members of his own family. All things that live gently and usefully are friends of his. You may sit in his library and hear the woodpeckers drumming under the eaves, cutting their way to the open spaces under the roof, where they build and make their homes year after year. Not long ago a red-bird—the Kentucky cardinal—used to come daily to the window to be fed, but some thoughtless boy shot him, to Mr. Watson's intense anger and grief. Out in the wide lawns and groves around the house you can see the squirrels playing. Everywhere you will find trees and shrubs that bear nuts and berries, down to the ragged poke berry—all for the squirrels and birds.

JAMES LANIER,

Thomson, Georgia.

"BIRDING"

For several years past, fad-ridden society has been interested in a new pastime, called birding. Strange to say, it seems wholly desirable and eminently wholesome. Birding consists of turning out in the morning, just about sunrise, getting into some comfortable old togs, and tramping off through the woods and orchards in search of birds. Not the ordinary game varieties, but the songsters, are hunted; and when found, they are watched and studied instead of being shot.

As a health improver we should imagine birding would be difficult to improve upon. It must be a splendid appetizer for breakfast. Fashionable women are said to be taking up the new fad with great zest. Perhaps these early morning meetings with the birds in their native haunts will help to enlarge the number of anti-plumage-wearing women—a result to be devoutly hoped for.—*Christian Advocate*.

HINTS FOR THOSE WHO WILL KEEP CANARIES

In selecting a canary, one of the cross-breeds, pure canary with a strain of goldfinch or bullfinch, is the best to choose as they are much hardier than the pure canary and have splendid voices.

The best food for canaries is canary and rape-seed, one part of rape to three of canary. From April to September they should have a little fresh green food every day, either chickweed, watercress, or lettuce. A lump of sugar should always be kept between the cage wires within easy reach.

Always give a canary a bath the first thing in the morning. After cleaning, the bottom of the cage should be sprinkled with gravel and sand (not sand from the seashore, as the salt will kill the bird). This agrees with the canary and prevents sore feet.

Never hang the cage in a draft or a stiff breeze as canaries are very susceptible to cold. Neither should it remain uncovered in a lighted room at night as the bird's song is liable to become impaired, because of its nervous temperament.

Help the birds all you possibly can for they are doing your locality a service that man, with all his inventions, utterly fails to render.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Boston, June, 1911ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last
page. All who send subscriptions and remittances are
respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts which
is published each month, and if they do not find the sums
they have sent properly credited, to kindly notify us.AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are
wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions will be given.TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the
special price of twenty-five cents.BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous
distribution only, are for sale in small or large quantities
at greatly reduced prices. They are specially adapted for
distribution at fairs and exhibits of all kinds.

THE DOG

If you don't like him there's no need of argument. The difficulty is congenital. It happens you were born with that side of human nature left out to which the dog makes his appeal. There are boys that were never so happy in all their boyhood as when they came into possession of their first dog. He might have been a poor homeless tramp,—a mongrel of mongrels,—but once they got a piece of clothesline around his neck, or a string, and could induce him to be led home, and the gracious mother permitted him to stay, what joy! He must even sleep beside their bed at night. How welcome was his grateful love! Then when attacked, perhaps, by the distemper, he sickened and died, did any hotter tears ever run down your boyish cheeks? How carefully you buried him! With what tenderness you tried to print on the shingle, that served as tombstone, his name and age! Nothing could have tempted you to desecrate his grave. His memory is still sacred after all the years. That sort of experience is utterly impossible to many a lad, and the lad is father of the man. There are grown men and women who live in mortal terror of dogs. Others simply do not like them. Others still, think of them as chiefly existing to communicate to human beings the virus of rabies.

The danger of the man who really knows what the dog is, in his capacity for intelligence, affection, loyalty, unfailing devotion, is that by over-extolling the dog, he antagonizes his neighbor who is minus the dog side in his make-up, and increase his unfriendliness to the dog. In the presence of those who look with suspicion or fear upon this most faithful of man's four-footed friends it is better for us who know him not to say too much. They wouldn't believe us, as it is they think us prejudiced, and just a trifle weak somewhere in our mental make-up.

Some one remarked recently by way of friendly criticism of our admiration for the dog's splendid magnanimity in forgiving any unkindness of his thoughtless or cruel master, that even any self-respecting dog would resent a kick. Not from his master, or at least only for a moment. The above writer said, "it isn't human to be so forgiving and magnanimous as the dog." True, but it is divine. Have we never read of one who "when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, threatened not," who even dared to say something about turning the other cheek?

The fact remains, however, that he who knows the dog, and of course you can't know him unless you love him, any more than you can a human friend, has learned not a few of the finest lessons that life has had to teach. More than one man's soul has understood the truth beneath these words:

"Ah, Blanco! Did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility,
Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine."

F. H. R.

THE PRESIDENT AND PEACE

With announcement just made of the proposed treaties with Great Britain and France, in accordance with which, should they finally become history, the great principle of arbitration is recognized as never before, and a step taken in the direction of universal peace that would have seemed incredible a decade ago, President Taft begins to loom upon the horizon of our modern times as one of the most splendid figures in the realm of international peace that our own or any previous age has known. It would seem as if in the wisdom of an Infinite Providence William H. Taft had come to his high office at a moment in human history when only such a man as he could meet the epoch-making conditions of the time.

F. H. R.

A NEW MEXICO

It appears that our statement of a month ago that the people of Mexico were fighting, as our fathers fought in 1770, for their just and lawful liberties, was in accordance with the facts. May a republic founded upon the broadest principles of liberty and justice rise upon the ruins of the despotism and autocracy of the past in that neighboring land! We congratulate our country and the world that during these trying weeks, although our army was on the very border, we have had a president who was so really a lover of peace that nothing could persuade him to involve us in a possible war.

F. H. R.

TREES FOR BIRDS

There is a little place up in New Hampshire where the cherry-trees and the apple-trees and the vegetable garden have probably their full share of birds. Of course they destroy some fruit but they do so much more good than harm and we are so fond of seeing them and hearing them that we are following the advice of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and setting out such trees as will offer additional attractions to the birds to come and build their nests and stay, some of them the year round. Part of these trees are chosen because their fruit is a natural bird food, and in some instances because their fruit lasts through the winter months. Such are the red and black mulberries, several kinds of black cherries, the sumac, the elder, the European bird cherry and the mountain-ash. Once our birds came uninvited. Now we must win them if we are to have them back among us in large numbers.

F. H. R.

AN OLD LIE

The dealers in bird plumage keep up the effort to deceive the public by what are evidently paid articles sent out to an impecunious or easily hoodwinked press. "Aigrettes Are Taken Painlessly," this is a sample of the thing that has found its way into many a prominent journal that ought to have been above publishing such an old lie. According to these accounts, generally quoted from the *Millinery Trade Review*, the plumes of the white heron are only gathered as they fall from the birds in the moulting season. Pray tell us, gentlemen of the feather business, why three men, as game wardens appointed to protect the white herons, have been murdered by the plume hunters, and why men of unquestioned veracity, who have seen the slaughter going on under their own eyes, denounce the traffic in aigrettes as worthy only of savages?

F. H. R.

According to the *Cri de Paris* Emperor William II. of Germany has laid a special tax on all cats in Berlin. The mayor has had made a number of little medals which the cats whose tax has been paid wear about their neck. Those found without the medal are sent remorselessly to the pound.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of the Audubon Society of California, has said: "I believe that the preservation of the bird is one of the most important matters of public interest claiming our attention, far outweighing in real import most of the questions upon which we spend our time and strength."

THE BLINDERS

If only our horse owners would try the experiment of taking them off! So far as the draft horse is concerned there is no valid reason for the blinders or the checkrein. Why do all fire companies use open bridles? Why do we discard the blinder in the case of our saddle-horses? The head makes a finer appearance, in nearly every case where all unnecessary harness is removed. Even the most nervous animal, carefully handled at the start, will soon become accustomed to the open bridle and drive better with it than with blinders. This is not theory. We know from many experiments with high-strung and easily excited horses. And if an open bridle then no flapping blinders continually rapping the eye,—an evil all too common in both city and country.

The only reason we have ever heard advanced for the blinder that has seemed to have weight is the one that is based upon the fact that some horses will learn to watch the whip and become lazy. Such horses are naturally lazy and may have to be urged a little more. But there is not enough in this objection to overmatch the good of giving the horse the use of his eyes as nature designed. And then the real horse lover is fond of the closer intimacy established between him and his horse by the fact that the horse can see him all the time as well as hear his voice. The chances are that if you love your horse you will do it. If you think of him only as a machine you probably won't. If you do do it take great pains at the start in getting him used to the new experience.

F. H. R.

FACT OR FICTION

From childhood we have heard of the cat's strange predilection to spring upon the breast of the sleeping infant and take away its breath. A late number of a well-known magazine contains a horrible tale, that ought never to have been published, true or false, of a cat that was guilty of such a deed, and the writer thinks she remembers all the circumstances from the time when she was "but a wee bit of a girl." Our opinion is, this is a miserable libel upon the cat. Though this sort of story is often told we have never yet run across any one who dared vouch for it as an indisputable fact. Many people grow up telling over and over some incident of childhood, which originally was largely a matter of the imagination, until they actually come to believe it. Lady Ashburton, we have somewhere read, used to say that as a child she declared she remembered being present at her mother's wedding; and that, though she was whipped for making the statement she never ceased to believe it. We would greatly appreciate it if any of our thousands of readers can give us one established instance in their own personal experience as grown men and women of this mad prepossession of the cat to destroy infant life.

F. H. R.

CRUELTY IN KILLING

Nothing is rarer than a prosecution for cruelty in killing. A butcher may hit an animal any number of times before producing unconsciousness. What business has he to attempt to destroy the animal at all unless he understands his business well enough not to bungle it? No one should be allowed to kill in our slaughter-houses unless he is thoroughly competent to do it with the least possible pain. We would call the attention of all humane societies and their agents to this. The law forbids unnecessary cruelty and does not exempt the abattoirs.

F. H. R.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED ANIMAL

It has been announced that a hitherto unknown animal has been discovered in Central Africa. Five specimens have been seen together and they were christened on the spot "water elephants." They resemble elephants, but the trunk and ears are short, the neck longer than in the elephant, and the height about six feet.

We hope we shall not hear next that they have been shot.—*The Animals' Friend*.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated, March, 1868.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

STATEMENT FOR THE MONTH

Animals examined	3865
Number of prosecutions	15
Number of convictions	12
Horses taken from work	127
Horses humanely killed	89

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received bequests of \$1,000 (additional) from Charles H. Hayden, \$148.83 (additional) from Miss Martha E. Bailey, and \$142.50 from Miss Charlotte E. Strickland. It also acknowledges gifts of \$500 from estate of Rufus Sawyer, and \$100 each from C. C. Wilder, Miss Emily V. Lindsley, and B. R. Banning. The Society has been willed \$20,000 by Mrs. Elizabeth O. Sturgis of Salem, and \$500 by Mrs. Martha A. Hodgkins of East Brookfield.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges gifts of \$90 from Miss Sarah J. Eddy and \$50 from H. Fisher. It has been remembered as residuary legatee in the will of Mrs. Martha M. West of Orwell, Ohio.

Boston, May 17, 1911.

"WHITIE"

This is the name of a very beautiful horse once belonging to Mr. Geo. H. Champlin of Brookline, Massachusetts, the fine painting of which, by the well-known artist, Mr. Alexander Pope, has just been presented to our Society by the executors of the estate of Mrs. Champlin. It is among the best specimens of animal painting in the city. We acknowledge with much pleasure the kindness and good will of Dr. Addison and Mr. Swift, the executors.

F. H. R.

ONE EDITOR'S APPRECIATION

Frequently we receive appreciative letters such as we would like to share with our readers, but seldom do because of the limitations of our space. Sometimes these come from editors, as is the case of the following, recently received from J. M. Sevenich, agricultural editor of *Der Landmann* of Milwaukee:

"I have been receiving your very valuable paper for the last twenty years. During this long period I, as editor, have often made use of *Our Dumb Animals*, and in that way tried to contribute my little mite toward the spread of the gospel of kindness to every living creature. Today my little ones always look forward to the time when *Our Dumb Animals* is to be found in 'dad's' pocket. The boy reads the paper with great interest, and the little girl admires the pictures, then the paper is taken along to school and given to the school sisters, twenty-two of which teach nearly 700 children.

"I was raised among cattle, so to speak, never had a hobby-horse in all my life, but real horses when a farmer's lad still in knee-pants. I love the old companions and playmates as much as ever, and I hope that your paper will continue to speak for those that can not speak for themselves."

A BATTLE WON

Many of our readers who know of the hard fight the Society put up all last year against slaughterhouse conditions, inefficient meat inspection and the "bob veal" traffic, will rejoice with us that our efforts have been crowned with the very success for which we contended. Our examination of places throughout the state where animals are killed, our published pamphlets illustrated by photographs, the newspaper publicity given to the unsanitary surroundings amidst which so much of our meat is prepared,—these have been clearly recognized as quickening that public opinion that at last demanded the kind of legislation for which we pleaded—legislation that would transfer the responsibility of meat inspection from local boards of health and from the selectmen of towns, to the state board of health where it belongs. The bill embodying this change was signed April 29 by Governor Foss.

This means one strong central authority with the power of the state behind it responsible for our meat inspection from one end of the commonwealth to the other. No more butchers appointing their hired men their inspectors. No more inspectors paid by the butchers themselves. No more inspectors, let us hope, who confess that they never saw a copy of the law determining their duty.

It's a great comfort after a long, often discouraging struggle, wondering occasionally if the money and time it costs will not be wasted, to lay your hand at last upon the very thing you have been striving for and know that you have won.

F. H. R.

MEMORIAL WATERING STATION

One hundred dollars will maintain for three months, the hot summer months, June 15 to September 15, a watering station for horses in the city of Boston. It would mean watering something like 20,000 horses. Are there not a number of our readers who would like to bear the expense of one of these stations as a memorial to some one now no longer here, or in memory of some animal friend, living or dead? At the station would be the printed sign, for example, The James H. Coleman Memorial Free Watering Station, or In Memory of "Don," Free Watering Station. Last year our stations watered more than 204,000 horses.

F. H. R.

THE TURTLE CASE

The Massachusetts Society felt obliged some months ago to prosecute a restaurant keeper for exposing for a long period of time a large sea-turtle upon its back in a show-window. The complaints were so many that, though quite uncertain of the issue, we put the man into court. Before the police judge he was found guilty and fined \$25. He appealed, and the case has just been tried before a jury in the superior court. The best expert testimony we could get was summoned, but the judge instructed the jury to find the accused not guilty for lack of sufficient evidence to prove that positive cruelty had been inflicted. We were sorry to lose the case but did our best. Prof. Yerkes of Harvard, and Prof. Johnson of the Natural History Museum testified for us, but not enough clear knowledge of the turtle seemed to be available to secure a conviction.

F. H. R.

ADDRESSES BY DR. ROWLEY

The President, Dr. Rowley, spoke last month on three different occasions to audiences deeply interested in humane work. Friday evening, May 12, at an entertainment given in Tuckerman Hall, Worcester, by the Alpha Pi Club, he made a short address. The club generously donated the proceeds of the evening to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. We are greatly indebted to Miss Tyra C. Lundberg and her friends for the enthusiastic service rendered our cause.

Tuesday evening, May 16, he had the pleasure of speaking to about five hundred in Hyde Park, fathers and mothers and the older pupils of the more advanced grades; and on the evening of the 26th he spoke at Lebanon, New Hampshire, under the auspices of the Lebanon Branch of the New Hampshire Society.

AGAIN WE WIN

A bill was introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature this spring which, had it become law, would have eliminated the matter of age altogether from the statute which requires that a calf shall be four weeks old when killed for food, and made the only requirement that it weigh forty pounds when dressed. As the larger breeds of cattle produce calves that will often weigh fifty or even sixty pounds dressed the day they are born, one can see the size of the gate such a law would open to the traffic in "bob veal." Furthermore one can see the added amount of cruelty that would follow, for these poor creatures from a day to a week old cannot be transported without extreme suffering. Had this bill, backed up by the traders in these calves, gone through, we are of opinion that the shipment of immature calves from New York State, which we have practically stopped, would have been immediately resumed.

We opposed the bill by every honorable means known to us, and had the satisfaction of seeing it killed most effectively upon its reappearance in the House for third reading. It was charged on the floor that the Society was responsible for the opposition, but certainly a large majority of the House shared the feeling of the Society.

F. H. R.

TRAGEDY OF THE ELK

Misery that almost beggars description was witnessed on the ranges in Wyoming during the latter part of winter when thousands of elk, after crowding into the winter feeding-grounds at Jackson's Hole, shut off from all forage, even to twigs and bark, by heavy snows and rains, which were followed by freezing temperatures, died of starvation.

The harrowing details of the elks' condition were sent out by eye-witnesses to publishers, together with photographs showing their sad plight, some dead others dying, their emaciated bodies partially eaten by other creatures of the wild, and yet others so tamed by starvation as to approach the settlers and feed out of their very hands.

For the past three winters residents near Jackson's Hole have had to view this pitiable condition. They have seen a magnificent herd reduced one-half in that short time. They have seen four-fifths of the elk calves perish of hunger each winter and they have by individual effort frequently relieved intense suffering and kept alive many hundreds, by feeding hay during the severest seasons. The period of famine in Jackson's Hole is now over. Surviving elk are no longer in need. Relief came by the thawing of snow, and the animals have turned back to the ample summer ranges.

The elk situation calls for immediate consideration that a repetition of the scenes of the last three winters may not occur. Whether the state of Wyoming, which so strongly asserts its property rights in the elk, or the federal government, which has reserved the territory upon which the elk range and multiply, is responsible for them, may furnish a complicated problem—common humanity demands that provision be made for these emergencies. Such neglect of the needs of animal life, whether by state or individual, is criminal.

VIVISECTION INVESTIGATION LEAGUE

The Vivisection Investigation League, with Mrs. Clinton Pinckney Farrell, president, has been incorporated with headquarters at 5032 Metropolitan building, New York City.

Its purposes are announced to be (1) to investigate so far as may be possible the practice of vivisection upon human beings and upon animals, and to follow up the mental, moral and physical results of this practice; (2) to hold public meetings and to have lectures and exhibitions from time to time, also to publish and distribute such literature bearing upon the subject of vivisection, as it shall deem suitable for the information of the public; (3) to exert itself in favor of any legislation that will tend to improve existing conditions in regard to the practice of vivisection.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on the preceding page.

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

THE SOUTH AND THE ROBIN

To every reader of *Our Dumb Animals* in the South we make another appeal in behalf of the robin and other birds that come to us spring by spring from the southern states. Though the stories of the slaughter of these birds may be grossly exaggerated, still if only a fraction is true it is a wonder that the springtime brings us any of the beautiful children of the air for whose coming we of the North wait and watch with so keen an interest. It is not only better law that is needed in some of these states we read about, but a better public sentiment, and a higher appreciation of the vast economic value of the birds, and a clearer perception of the barbarity involved in their destruction.

F. H. R.

VERMONT

If reports are to be depended upon that come to us from this New England state there are few fields more sorely in need of cultivation from the humane point of view. Indifference, refusal to consider the cause of our dumb friends as of sufficient importance to be taken seriously, and, consequently, no money in the treasury of the humane societies of the state, appear to be the facts of the situation. Here and there a faithful, unpaid agent doing what he can, with no public sentiment to sustain him, represents the activity of the community where he happens to live. A campaign of humane education carried on vigorously throughout the schools of the state would result, in a future generation of citizens alive to the claims of the animal world. We do not doubt there are many humane and interested people in Vermont, but they do not seem to be organized for effective work.

F. H. R.

CALIFORNIA HUMANITARIANS

The semi-annual session of the State Humane Association of California, held in Riverside, April 21, 22 and 23, proved a great success. Among those on the program were Dr. E. L. Conger, president of the Association, George Wharton James, Mrs. Alice L. Park, secretary of the Humane Press Bureau in California, and Rev. E. R. Watson, superintendent of the San Diego S. P. C. A. The subjects discussed included "Our Obligations to the Helpless," "What a School Book on Humane Education Should and Should not Contain," "Humane Protection of Fish and Sea-Birds," and "Humane Study in the Public Schools."

On Friday afternoon, April 21, seven talks were given in the public schools by visiting delegates. Sunday, April 23, was Mercy Day in all the churches, and twenty-two addresses were delivered by prominent delegates before the Sunday-schools and at the various services. The work of Mrs. E. M. Deardorff, who is employed in California by our American Humane Education Society, was heartily endorsed by the Convention.

MRS. DEARDORFF'S WORK

Mrs. E. M. Deardorff met a number of citizens in Colusa, California, on April 25, and organized the Colusa County Humane Society, with sixty charter members. Among them were many prominent citizens who are taking a very active interest. The Society will make an effort to have the local dog pound placed in its charge.

On April 29, Mrs. Deardorff visited Chico, California, which held its first Work-Horse Parade, under the auspices of the newly organized Butte County Humane Society. There were probably more horses in this parade in proportion to the population of the town than have appeared in any other parade held in the country, as three hundred horses were in line, and the city's population is but 3,750. The parade consisted of thirty-two classes, to include horses of all descriptions from tiny Shetland ponies to magnificent stallions. The division composed of young women on their saddle-horses attracted the most attention. The parade will be an annual event in the future.

The Butte County Humane Society also held a poultry and animal show in April, with one hundred and fifty dogs entered, as well as chickens, cats, parrots and a lone possum. This exhibition was also very successful.

MAYOR FORMS HUMANE SOCIETY

Mayor Ed. H. McCuiston of Paris, Texas, writes us that on May 11 a Humane Society was organized at Blossom, Lamar county, that state, with Mr. S. A. Martin president. Mayor McCuiston says: "I met with them and am glad to report that they are very enthusiastic over the work, and they listened with a great deal of enthusiasm to all I said. I feel confident that this organization will prove active and enterprising."

The Tarrant County Humane Society, recently organized in Fort Worth, Texas, is planning to extend its work into the public schools by having a daily lesson or quotation which will teach kindness to animals.

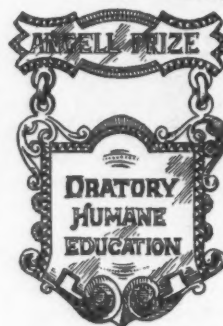
THE SITUATION IN TURKEY

Among the new members of the Humane Education Society of Constantinople, Turkey, are Lady Lowther, wife of the British Ambassador, and the Baroness Marshall von Bieberstein, wife of the German Ambassador. Both have taken a very practical interest in the work, as has Mrs. Fisher Nuwin of London. In addition to that from our American Humane Education Society, assistance from the United States has been received from the International Humane Association of New York, Mrs. Brooks and Miss M. C. Dow of Cincinnati, and Mr. E. K. Whitehead of Denver.

A recent report from Mrs. Alice W. Manning shows that the humane work in Turkey is going forward in a truly wonderful manner. Several thousands of books and leaflets, in six different languages, have been distributed throughout various schools and colleges during the past few months. The Syrian Protestant College at Beirut with 1,200 students, the largest of its kind in Turkey, will hold an Angell prize medal contest.

The Turkish government has recently increased the appropriation for the war department enormously, and cut down the appropriation for schools very considerably. Apparently there are yet forces in Turkey not in accord with the new order of things. The new spirit which is kindling promises an era that shall be freer from the curse of war and "man's inhumanity" than Turkey has ever known. Strong evidences of this are at hand in many quarters of the empire. There is a growing realization of the importance of the school and education and a consequent falling off in the ranks of outlawry and war. Turkey's greatest need is humane education which must be carried to her. In her present state of receptivity to more liberal and humaner ideas and just when the government appropriation for schools is cut down—is not this the time for humanitarians to seize their opportunity?

SILVER MEDALS FOR HIGH SCHOOLS



This cut shows the size and face inscriptions. On the back is engraved "The American Humane Education Society."

To stimulate interest in the Angell prize contests in humane speaking, the American Humane Education Society has decided to offer its beautiful sterling silver medal to the winner of any such contest that may be held in any high school in the country, under these conditions:

1. The contest must be held under the direction of the principal or head master of the school, to whom alone the free medal will be sent.

2. There must be not less than six contestants, all of whom must be pupils in the school, who actually speak at the contest.

3. All the local arrangements, including the selection and services of judges, are left with the principal or head master of the school, but there must be not less than three judges approved by him.

4. The contest must be open to attendance by all the pupils of the school, and may be open to the public. Admissions may be charged if desired and the money used for any object preferred.

5. A written or printed program, giving the titles of the selections and the names of all the speakers, must be forwarded to this office before the medal is sent.

6. Recitations may be taken from the book "Angell Prize Contest Recitations" or from any publication of the American Humane Education Society, including *Our Dumb Animals*. For prices of this literature, see last page.

7. Upon compliance with the foregoing conditions, and a request from the principal or head master of any high school, the medal will be sent by registered mail.

8. There need be no cost whatever, except where it is necessary to buy the recitations to be used by the speakers.

9. Later the American Humane Education Society will offer a gold medal, for which only those who have won the silver medals will be entitled to compete.

10. Address all enquiries and correspondence to American Humane Education Society, 45 Milk Street, Boston.



THE STORY OF MATKA, David Starr Jordan.

Seal life in its native element is described in such a way as to make Matka and others of her kin seem possessed of human characteristics. Matka was a real, living individual with whom the author became intimately acquainted when engaged in investigating the seal question, hence the tale affords much valuable information on the nature and habits of the seal, with references to other interesting animals. It is told in simple, vigorous English and is admirably adapted, as was designed, for use as a supplemental reader in the schools. As such it will inculcate a greater love for all animals and especially arouse a higher sense of justice towards the vanishing fur-seal. Numerous photographs and pen drawings add to the interest.

School edition, 75 cents; library, \$1 net. Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co., San Francisco.

The wild life of today is not wholly ours, to dispose of as we please. It has been given to us IN TRUST. We must account for it to those who come after us and audit our records.

WILLIAM T. HORNBADAY.

THE POLAR BEAR

They caught him out on the drifting ice
Off Greenland's coast,
And bartered him at a bar-room price
With tales and boast.
With dulled eyes, and with drunken cries
They drank his toast.
Midst cursing and swearing, with raffling dice
They fixed the cost:
They sold the king
Of the northern sphere
For a round of sling
And a keg of beer.

They placed him safe in a narrow cage,
Damp and dark and mouldy with age.
A pool of water, a moss-grown stone,
A little straw and a daily bone.

And people came from the South and East
To look at the white-haired, northern beast.
The monarch of fields of ice and snow,
Pacing his cage so silently slow.

Saw they—deep in the roaming eyes—
The longing for Greenland's bleak blue skies,
The nightless summer, the long, long night
Of winter without a gleam of light?

Saw they—deep in the eyes that shone—
The blink of the ice of the polar zone,
The midnight sun as a glorious stud
Rising red from a bed of blood?

Spring and summer and autumn were past,
And the winter had come, the winter at last.
And as the snow came in from the sound
And drifted velvet-white over the ground,

He lifted his head and sniffed the air:
A draught from the North, from the barren and bare
Deserts of ice—and then fell prone
With a shiver down on the moss-grown stone.

They found him dead, and they wondered why
He—who had all except freedom—should die.
Why should they care?
He was only a—polar bear.

Dominion over the fish of the sea
And the fowl of the air
Was given to man in the long ago.
But the angel of Records doth surely see
When in kindness we spare
The creatures of God from a prison's throe.
JOHN FRANCIS BECKWITH.

The time will surely come when nothing
will be considered "sport" that means
suffering or death to any creature.



CHAPTER XI.

Blind Billy



THE winter season wore away.
As the snow grew deeper,
Tom and his horses were
taken from the "tote" team
and put in the woods to haul
logs. Tom's team was con-
sidered the best in the camp.
The horses were kind and
tractable, or were when given
to Tom. It was true that
Billy was blind; but on
the road it would never be
noticed. In the woods he stumbled some. It
was interesting and pitiful to see how his mate,
Jerry, tried to pick out smooth places for him.
This caused Jerry to waver in the woods in spite
of restraining rein. This was disagreeable to
Tom, and poor Jerry got a good many whippings
on account of it. Billy's stumblings, too, brought
him much undeserved punishment. He bore his
whippings without a whimper; but they soured
Jerry's temper. It was a singular fact, that
Jerry showed less temper when he felt the whip,
than when he heard it descend on poor Billy's
back.

It was toward the last of the season, and the
operators were becoming anxious about getting
their logs out. They were irritable and that
made every one else so. Tom and his horses
were "parading" logs. The snow was deep and
the numerous brush piles caused the horses to
get tangled up. This induced a steady flow of
patois French and pigeon-English from Tom's
mouth, accompanied by blows from the whip.
Jerry showed his teeth angrily and his eyes
blazed. By and by, Billy stepped on the splin-
tered end of a stump and drove one of the splinters
into his ankle. A groan of pain came from him
and his blood crimsoned the snow. Instead of
pity, Billy got the lash. That was the straw
that "broke the camel's back," or rather Jerry's
control of temper. He knew the source of that
blow and straightway turned on the tormentor.
He reared and struck Tom in the chest, knocked
him down, and would have trampled him into
a shapeless mass had not the other "yardmen"
interfered. As it was he kept them from him

for some little time. When he quieted down,
he was taken to the camp, and given into the
hands of Buldoc, the hostler. It was Buldoc
who fed them, and it was Buldoc who dressed
Billy's leg, talking soothingly all the time:—

"Poor beastie! You fell into bad hands! Logs
is worth two times as much as hosses—or men
either, as for that matter."

The hostler was permitted to caress the ani-
mals; but when any one else came near them,
Jerry showed his teeth in such a menacing man-
ner that they desisted.

The boss looked at them from a safe distance
and said:—

"They are spoiled. When Billy gets able to
travel, we will take them to the city and sell
them."

So late in March they were taken away. The
last night of their stay in the camp, as the
hostler was putting about, he heard a faint
bleat outside. Then Jerry and Billy whinnied
and pricked up their ears. Buldoc went to the
door and looked out. He was just in time to
catch a glimpse of a white doe running away.

"Ah! What I tell you?" exclaimed Tom to
the boss.

CHAPTER XII.

The Fool

The Swift River, which flowed through the
Rand farm, was a turbulent stream as its name
would imply. It had its birth up in the tri-
angular, mountainous region between Lakes
Welokenebacook, Molechunkamunk and Moose-
lucmagentic. It is not large, and logs left upon
its banks have to be driven early, if they reach
their destination on the Androscoggin, into
which the Swift River flows, and are not left high
and dry upon the meadows and intervals which
skirt either bank. In the spring, fishermen
wander along its sides, especially on its upper
tributaries, slyly approaching quiet pools at the
foot of rapids in quest of trout. About a quarter
of a century before these words were written, a
modern Izaak Walton, who had had experience
in California, in pursuing his pastime along the
banks of this stream, observed some black sand
which so much reminded him of the auriferous
deposits along the banks of the Sacramento that
he obtained an outfit and panned out some of it.
He was repaid by a small vial full of dust and
several small nuggets. He exhibited his find to
several farmers along the river, with the result
that they all dropped their plow-handles and be-
took themselves to the river banks to engage in
washing sand. That summer few crops were
planted in that vicinity. Why should there have
been, with a golden vision before each farmer's
eyes that would place him beyond the need of
tilling the soil? But the vision was a delusion.
Gold was there all along the stream; but the sum
total of each day's panning was small. Some
days, the result was nil; while in others, a nugget
or two would represent quite a little sum. On
the whole, the amount obtained was disappoint-
ing. From that day to this, however, panning
has been carried on at irregular intervals with
uncertain results. Every now and then some
one would strike "pay dirt," and then everyone
would try his hand at panning. The general
prophecy was that some day some one would
"strike it rich."

In the spring when the white fawn had dis-
appeared from the Rand farm, a vagabond
neighbor found a rich pocket in the river, which
awoke the usual number of slumbering hopes.
Among those who took up his pan and camping
outfit, was Rand's eldest son, Dick. He wan-
dered up the river, trying the sand here and
there, and living largely on the trout which were
more abundant in the stream than were the
nuggets of gold. Although the returns were
small, Dick enjoyed the life for he was a true



YOKE OF BUFFALOES IN INDIA

nomad. On and up he wandered until he reached the West Branch, then deflected and followed that stream. Soon he was up in the mountains. On arriving at the head waters, he decided to camp for a few days before beginning his journey homeward.

He had barely become comfortably settled on his first night in the woods, when a series of musical tones came to his ear. They were something unfamiliar to Dick. At first he thought they proceeded from the throat of a bird. Could it be a vesper-sparrow? Some of the notes resembled her evening song, yet they did not cling to the usual theme, but wandered off into unknown melodies.

"It is too prolonged and varied for a bird," thought Dick.

Suddenly the theme changed to something familiar. Dick knew but little about music—had heard very little, either vocal or instrumental, but just then through the woodland bowers came the strains of "Annie Laurie," and a man is poor indeed who has not heard that melody. It has traveled wherever man has traveled. It has graced the boards of operatic concerts, and every yokel, no matter how far he may live from musical centers, sings something more or less resembling that tune every time he thinks of someone whose "brow is like the snowdrift," and whose "throat is like the swan." Yes, through the aisles of the forest came the notes of that old tune.

"That's no bird," said Dick; "or if it is, I want to see it;" and he started in the direction of the music.

He went but a short distance, when he came to a camp. In front of it sat a man who was playing on a flute. Before him was the queerest audience ever seen at a concert. There stood a lordly moose; a caribou; near by, a small circle of deer; and, at no great distance, a bear resting on his haunches; all apparently lost in the melody produced by the man.

Dick was thunderstruck. In all his travels in the woods, he had never seen anything like this. He looked at the man and then at the assembled animals. They were mutually enjoying each other's company.

As he looked at the group of deer, an involuntary "Ah!" escaped him, for among them was the white doe.

His ejaculation broke the spell. The music stopped and the animals looked in the direction from which the false note came. They were evidently annoyed at the interruption. The musician arose and peered into the darkening woods; and Dick, seeing he had broken up the concert, came forward. The animals suddenly became conscious of each other's presence and slunk off into the darkness.

"Good evening, stranger!" saluted the musician.

"Good evening!" returned Dick, as he surveyed the man. "What are you doing up here? It's the first time I ever knew a man to give a concert to bears!"

"Studying them," said the musician; "espe-

cially their vocalization. I want to get a vocabulary of their different combinations of sounds, to see if I can reduce them to a language. Nothing brings them together so quickly as music. See," and he pointed to an instrument. "I've got a lot of their talk captured on the phonograph to study when I get home."

"But the bears will eat you up!"

"Oh, no! Music produces passion, but not the kind that kills. You are perfectly safe from bear, or any other animal, so long as you play to them. Would you like to see me call them together again?"

"No," answered Dick, "I must be going."

He had an idea; and as soon as he was out of hearing of the musician, gave utterance to it in words:—

"That man is either 'bug-house' or a fool!"

Dick started for home the next morning. He did not want to stay in the vicinity of a man who might be a lunatic. In due time he arrived at the home of his father, to whom he told his adventure, ending up with the startling news:—

"And in the fool's audience was the white fawn!"

(To be continued)

CATS IN JAPAN

According to the Japanese, the domestic cat appeared in their country at a relatively recent epoch, having traveled from China with the missionaries of Buddhism. In the middle of the sixth century of the Christian era sacrifices were offered to the cat, which was known by all as "the guardian of the manuscripts."

"The guardian of the manuscripts" kept away the mice, which otherwise would have eaten the precious papyrus. In some instances placards were set in conspicuous places among manuscripts as a warning to the mice: "Beware! The cat is here. She drives the mice." Portraits of cats were also placed in parts frequented by mice.

The cats were revered. For a long time they were kept in the temples. But their beauty, their general desirability and the charm of their grace, affection for man, and adaptability to human conditions so appealed to the layman that one by one very gradually their kittens were permitted to leave the temples and to become the pets of the nobility. After entering the families of the high officials of the Empire they won their way into humbler households.

WHY SINGLE OUT THE CAT?

A Lakewood, Ohio, physician adds his mite, or might, to the testimony against the cat, which he charges with being a carrier of tuberculosis, and a household menace on that account. Why stop at the cat? What of the dog, the muf, the milk bottle, the grocer's hands, Oriental rugs, plug tobacco, chocolate drops, feather dusters, whisk brooms, door-knobs, trolley cars, and the east wind? The cat will survive the Lakewood indictment, as she should. —Boston Advertiser.

CATS AND THE BIRDS



HEN the household cat properly trained does not have to depend upon her hunting skill for her living she should not be classed as a bird murderer. Could any creature be more justified in taking bird life than the cat, wild with hunger, once a pet but cruelly and unlawfully abandoned?

A writer in the *Cat Journal* thus defends his

client in the cat vs. bird case:—

"Let me say that my cat, Dick, early learned to carry home all the game he caught but during his many years of hunting was known to have killed only two birds—a jay and a quail. How many boys have shot so few? Hundreds of martins, swallows, wrens and bluebirds have reared their young around Dick's home but he never molested them. The birds spoken of have little box houses built for them all about the farm and they gather materials around in the yards for their nests. They continually war with each other and often fall to the earth in fierce combat which is very tempting to the cats.

"No one admires the feathered songsters more than the writer, for what would the wildwood be without them? Certainly dreary. Now here is a fact: More birds die by the 22-caliber rifle during cherry season in California than by all the cats during all the seasons of the year. And what a multitude of our winged friends are poisoned by grain and grass seed charged with vitriol or strychnine and sown in the fields for their destruction!

"You can train your cat to leave the birds alone, if he is a good one like Dick. Don't pick up a renegade and expect him to behave. Only the untrained, unfed, homeless cats kill birds, and they do so only when they want something to eat. Is this worse than the sportsman shooting birds just for the sport?"

PUSSY AND BINKIE

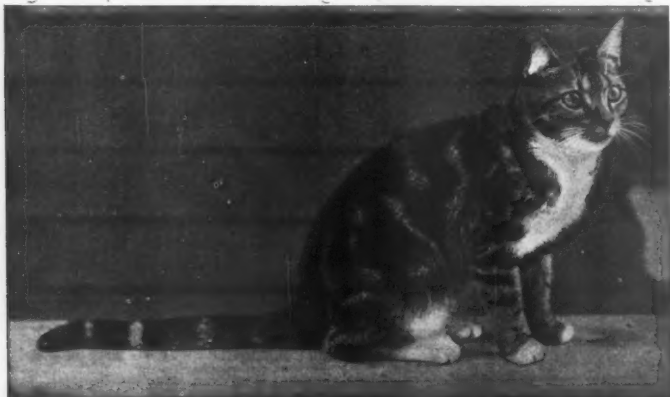
"Binkie's My Firstest Friend!"

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,
Pussy can climb a tree,
Or play with a silly old cork and string,
To 'muse herself, not me.
But I like Binkie, my dog, because
He knows how to behave;
So Binkie's the same as the First Friend was,
And I am the Man in the Cave.

Pussy will play man-Friday till
It's time to wet her paw
And make her walk on the window-sill
(For the footprint Crusoe saw);
Then she fluffles her tail and mews,
And scratches and won't attend.
But Binkie will play whatever I choose,
And he is my true First Friend.

Pussy will rub my knees with her head,
Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to my bed
Pussy runs out in the yard,
And there she stays till the morning light;
So I know it's only pretend;
But Binkie, he snores at my feet all night,
And he is my Firstest Friend!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.



"NED" OF THE CONNECTICUT HUMANE SOCIETY

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

New Bands of Mercy With Names of Presidents <i>Washington, D. C.</i> Henry M. Garnet School 79369 No. 1 Edith Williams 79370 No. 2 Mary King 79371 No. 3 Henrietta Scott 79372 No. 4 John Gibson 79373 No. 5 Gertrude Fleming 79374 No. 6 Violet Warfield 79375 No. 7 Margaret Bass 79376 No. 8 Addie Simms 79377 Bunker Hill School Paul Richardson 79378 Fort Slocum School Irene Warren <i>Greenville, Miss.</i> Central School 79379 Rosa Bonheur Charles Davis <i>Duluth, Minn.</i> Band of Mercy Helpers George Lewis <i>Philadelphia, Pa.</i> Claghorn School 79381 Beavers Gladys Eichengreen 79382 Lincoln Thos. Bass 79383 Let Live Robert Oughton 79384 Watchful Ethel Jones 79385 Earnest Robt. Koch 79386 Animal Lovers Mildred Jones 79387 Vigilant William Quigley 79388 Helpful Marion Brown 79389 Alert Hawley Hulch 79390 Sympathy Roger Martin 79391 Active Lottie Ginder 79392 Claghorn Aid Willmore Garrett 79393 Helping Hand Frances Middleman 79394 Tender Mortimer Trangatt 79395 Hearty Helpers Robt. Liveridge <i>Mayfield, Ky.</i> Second Grade Virginia MacMakin Kingsley, Mich. 79397 Band of Mercy Lettie Sparling <i>Glover, Vt.</i> 79398 Our Dumb Animals' Friend M. A. Lang <i>Abbeville, Louisiana</i> Angell Gertrude McEnery <i>Greenville, Miss.</i> 79400 Agassiz Dudley Ransom <i>Thornberg, Pa.</i> 79401 Daniel G. Krouse Mary F. Ross <i>Homesead, Pa.</i> First Baptist Church 79402 Rev. A. F. Williamson Mrs. Robert Woods 79403 H. Danna Rolfe Floyd E. Woodside 79404 Allie M. Henry Ella Gray		79405 Rev. H. Walker Vincent Mary L. Gettys 79406 John G. Shortall Nancy Gray Moon 79407 Henry Bergh Adda U. Woods 79408 Christopher Demmel Edna Gray <i>Mayfield, Ky.</i> 79409 First Grade Elma Carr <i>Rockland, Me.</i> 79410 Abraham Lincoln Dorothy Leach <i>Rutland, Pa.</i> 79411 Horton Mack Sweely <i>Sullivan, Ind.</i> 79412 Rainbow Margaret Queen <i>Middletown, N. Y.</i> 79413 Rosebud N. T. Macoy <i>Danialson, Conn.</i> 79414 Baptist Juniors Muriel Dixon <i>Duluth, Minn.</i> 79415 Dumb Animal Helpers Frank Polcyn <i>Chicago, Ill.</i> 79416 High School Boys Mrs. Fred W. Packard <i>Duke, Okla.</i> 79417 Tyler Sam West <i>Auburndale, Mass.</i> 79418 Auburndale Raymond A. Robbins <i>Moorestown, N. J.</i> 79419 Jean Cathcart Jean Cathcart <i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i> Sherman School 79420 Friends of Animals Harvey Steward <i>Lowell, Mass.</i> Butler Gram. School 79421 Div. 1 N. E. Murphy 79422 Div. 2 M. J. Cronin 79423 Div. 3 M. E. Lane 79424 Div. 4 S. E. Tully 79425 Div. 5 D. T. Brady 79426 Div. 6 K. E. Kelley 79427 Div. 7 A. C. O'Brien 79428 Div. 8 A. J. Devine 79429 Div. 9 M. L. Crowley 79430 Div. 10 H. L. Clark 79431 Div. 11 M. L. McSorley 79432 Div. 12 E. G. Burns 79433 Div. 13 K. W. Usher 79434 Div. 14 J. V. Hoar 79435 Div. 15 M. C. Hyde 79436 Div. 16 K. M. Jantzen 79437 Div. 17 M. G. Quinn Edson School 79438 Div. 1 F. M. Webster 79439 Div. 2 R. T. Burns 79440 Div. 3 A. E. Donovan	79441 Div. 4 T. E. Rogers 79442 Div. 5 K. J. Hayes 79443 Div. 6 M. F. Warren 79444 Div. 7 S. J. Crosby 79445 Div. 8 J. A. Kenney 79446 Div. 9 M. A. Balch 79447 Div. 10 J. B. Riordan 79448 Div. 11 L. L. Ward Highland School 79449 Div. 1 F. L. Moffitt 79450 Div. 2 M. F. Foss 79451 Div. 3 A. F. Woodward 79452 Div. 4 E. L. Whitney 79453 Div. 5 L. K. Battles 79454 Div. 6 A. A. Burnham 79455 Div. 7 L. A. Wardwill 79456 Div. 8 M. C. Gray 79457 Div. 9 G. R. Sanders 79458 Div. 10 Lulu Turner 79459 Div. 11 G. F. Ward 79460 Div. 12 C. Ethel Hale 79461 Div. 13 M. E. Brown 79462 Div. 14 A. L. Reader Abraham Lincoln School 79463 Div. 1 M. M. Sparks 79464 Div. 2 Grace Scribner 79465 Div. 3 J. V. Hodgman 79466 Div. 4 B. T. Sweeney 79467 Div. 5 M. T. Donovan 79468 Div. 6 E. M. Downing 79469 Div. 7 H. J. O'Hearn 79470 Div. 8 M. C. McDonald 79471 Div. 9 E. L. Floyd 79472 Div. 10 E. E. Prescott Colburn School 79473 Div. 1 M. C. Fox 79474 Div. 2 A. T. McCarron 79475 Div. 3 Lena Collins 79476 Div. 4 F. R. Foote 79477 Div. 5 F. L. Donovan 79478 Div. 6 M. J. Moynahan 79479 Div. 7 L. C. Thomas 79480 Div. 8 S. A. Connor 79481 Div. 9 E. A. Conway Washington Gram. School 79482 Div. 1 J. E. Barr	79483 Div. 2 H. A. Dow 79484 Div. 3 E. M. Green 79485 Div. 4 S. C. Griffin 79486 Div. 5 L. F. Green 79487 Div. 6 E. F. Sanborn <i>Abbeville, La.</i> 79488 Hope Odon Hebert <i>Frasville, N. Y.</i> 79489 L. T. L. Rose M. Blackman <i>Gary, W. Va.</i> 79490 Landseer Lillian Beinkamper <i>Cotonsville, Md.</i> 79491 Branch of Animal Refuge Association Edwin Stein Camp <i>Homesead, Pa.</i> First Baptist Church 79492 Geo. T. Angell Salina Llewellyn <i>Pittsburgh, Pa.</i> First Christian Church Rev. Wallace Thorp 79493 No. 1 Bertha M. Powell 79494 No. 2 Bertha M. Powell 79495 No. 3 C. E. Bishop 79496 No. 4 C. E. Bishop Second Ward School 79497 William G. Minnick Mrs. Frances M. Gilleland Fourth Ward School 79498 No. 1 Frankes Kenneweg Twelfth Ward School 79499 No. 1 Nannie Stinson 79500 No. 2 Josephine C. Marshall 79501 No. 3 Gertrude B. Scott 79502 No. 4 Blanche Krouse Allen School 79503 Rm. 1 Ida B. Cook 79504 Rm. 2 Mary E. Hunter 79505 Rm. 3 Pearl Lloyd 79506 Rm. 4 Anna Klotzbach 79507 Rm. 5 Edna Klenn 79508 Rm. 6 Bertha Keller 79509 Rm. 7 Anna M. Tyhurst 79510 Rm. 8 Aurelia Heinrich 79511 Rm. 9 Emma Alles 79512 Rm. 10 Eleanor Barrett 79513 Rm. 11 Helen Broderich 79514 Rm. 12 Ellen Brown 79515 Rm. 13 Katherine Herberter 79516 Rm. 14 Charlotte Brown 79517 Rm. 15 Nellie Dittmar 79518 Rm. 16 Nettie Ramsey 79519 Rm. 17 Helen O. Chaffinor	79520 Rm. 18 Alice P. Hopkins 79521 Rm. 19 Laura M. Appel 79522 Rm. 20 Irene M. O'Donnell 79523 Rm. 21 Rose Simmen 79524 Rm. 22 Ida P. McAfee 79525 Rm. 23 Amanda Koch 79526 Rm. 24 Alma Scheck 79527 Rm. 25 Elizabeth Tinney 79528 Rm. 26 Sarah L. Cochran <i>Greenville, Miss.</i> 79529 Ernest T. Seton Claude Edwards <i>Lebanon, N. H.</i> 79530 Gram. School Josiah B. Kelley <i>New Orleans, La.</i> Thomy Lafon School 79531 Warren Eaton John Delay 79532 Willing Workers William Young <i>Tuscaloosa, Ala.</i> 79533 High School Burnie Donaldson <i>Baldwin, Kans.</i> 79534 Charity No. 2 Mrs. J. G. Brockway <i>Lowell, Mass.</i> 79535 Lincoln Katharine M. Usher <i>Greencastle, Ind.</i> First Ward School 79536 Bd. No. 1 Harry Gray <i>Pittsburgh, Pa.</i> First Ward School 79537 No. 1 Jessie B. Coventry 79538 No. 2 Minnie E. Donahey 79539 No. 3 Elizabeth McGarvey 79540 No. 4 Mary J. Black 79541 No. 5 Callista B. McFeatters 79542 No. 6 Jeanette H. Lecky 79543 No. 7 Emma M. White 79544 No. 8 Bell Cunningham 79545 No. 9 Anna C. Lecky 79546 No. 10 Jane Herriott 79547 No. 11 Jane Adrian 79548 No. 12 Mary E. Maxwell <i>Bellerue, Pa.</i> Jackson St. School 79549 No. 1 Jeannette McCalmont 79550 No. 2 Clara Stapel 79551 No. 3 Mary Hill 79552 No. 4 Agnes McKay 79553 No. 5 Edna Wheeler 79554 No. 6 May Marshall 79555 No. 7 Marjorie McAnlis 79556 No. 8 Florence Kyle 79557 No. 9 Helen Acheson
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79558 No. 10 Florence Glenn	79598 No. 9 Lawrence Johnson	79639 Div. 12 K. E. Driscoll	79683 Div. 14 M. F. Howe	79722 Div. 9 Mary L. Moran
79559 No. 11 Grace Hyde	79599 No. 8 Walfred Peterson	79640 Div. 1 Green School	79684 Div. 15 Julia Williams	79723 Div. 1 Broad St. Gram. School
79560 No. 12 Mary Graham	79600 Humane Club	79641 Div. 2 R. B. Bailey	79685 Div. 1 Greenhalge School	79723 Div. 1 The Defenders
79561 No. 1 Avalon School	79601 Axel Johnson	79642 Div. 3 C. A. Hannaford	79686 Div. 2 M. E. Tobin	79724 Div. 2 M. C. F. Devereaux
79562 No. 2 Guenn Best	79602 Old Abe Club	79643 Div. 4 L. A. Nolan	79687 Div. 3 G. E. Frye	79725 Div. 3 Alice C. Kelly
79563 No. 3 Anna O'Malley	79603 No. 5 Maud Neff	79644 Div. 5 E. G. Dolan	79688 Div. 4 G. M. Thurber	79726 Div. 4 Emely W. Cushman
79564 No. 4 Alice Benning	79604 Gertrude Longstrat	79645 Div. 6 J. E. Fay	79689 Div. 5 M. E. Moody	79727 Div. 5 Barbara G. Keegan
79565 No. 5 Amelia Buff	79605 Duluth, Minn. Bryant School	79646 Div. 7 H. M. Barrows	79690 Div. 6 J. S. Dunlavy	79728 Div. 6 Estelle A. Barber
79566 No. 6 Gertrude Schmauser	79606 Bryant Humane Soc. Frank Johnson	79647 Div. 8 L. A. Gookin	79691 Div. 7 A. A. Marston	79729 Div. 7 Lelia Belle Carter
79567 No. 7 Eria Smith	79607 Animal Defenders Stanley Adams	79648 Div. 9 C. F. McCarthy	79692 Div. 8 A. I. Mahoney	79730 Div. 8 Estelle C. Batchelder
79568 No. 8 Alma William	79608 Protection of Our Dumb Animals	79649 Div. 10 S. F. McCort	79693 Div. 9 Three Rivers, Que., Can.	79731 Div. 9 G. M. Kilkenny
79569 No. 9 Anna Smith	79609 Walter Wagner	79650 Div. 11 A. T. Delay	79694 Div. 10 Three Rivers	79732 Div. 10 Gertrude L. Bicknell
79570 No. 10 Gertrude Lemmon	79610 Angell	79651 Div. 12 C. E. Jones	79695 Div. 11 Holyoke, Mass.	79733 Div. 1 Lucy A. Metcalf
79571 No. 11 Anna McCutcheon	79611 Walter Wanberg	79652 Div. 1 B. W. Rowlandson	79696 Div. 12 Sunshine Circle	79734 Div. 2 Maude A. Millsbaugh
79572 No. 12 Ethel Waddle	79612 Animal Relief Club	79653 Div. 2 C. A. Paul	79697 Div. 13 J. F. Smyth	79735 Div. 3 Mary A. Pidge
79573 No. 13 Frances Singer	79613 Linda Birno	79654 Div. 3 M. A. Mather	79698 Div. 14 Danbury, Conn.	79736 Div. 4 Katherine Fitzsimmons
79574 No. 14 Grace Buente	79614 Band of Justice	79655 Div. 4 W. C. Mahoney	79699 Div. 15 Public School	79737 Div. 5 Charles St. School
79575 No. 15 Ethel McClure	79615 William Fortier	79656 Div. 5 I. L. Samuels	79700 Div. 16 Mary Burrett	79738 Div. 6 Kind Helpers
79576 No. 16 Myrtle Burgess	79616 Justice to all Animals	79657 Div. 6 E. M. Breen	79701 Div. 17 Brookville, Ind.	79739 Div. 7 Agnes C. Gormley
79577 No. 17 Mary Dickson	79617 Little Heroes	79658 Div. 7 M. F. McMahon	79702 Div. 18 Brookville	79740 Div. 8 Gertrude E. McHugh
79578 No. 1 Sarah B. Miller	79618 Chas. Hoben	79659 Div. 8 F. E. Hardman	79703 Div. 19 Mrs. Geo. E. Mullin	79741 Div. 9 Mary S. Houghton
79579 No. 2 Jeanette Wishart	79619 Bryant	79660 Div. 9 F. E. Garrity	79704 Div. 20 Oneonta, N. Y.	79742 Div. 10 Mary C. Buckley
79580 No. 3 Ella King	79620 Leo Butterfield	79661 Div. 10 F. A. Owen	79705 Div. 21 Mrs. Hotaling	79743 Div. 11 Mary C. McKenna
79581 No. 4 Ethel Straw	79621 Animal Helpers	79662 Div. 11 A. E. Downing	79706 Div. 22 Kensington, Minn.	79744 Div. 12 Catherine Halliwell
79582 No. 5 Annaclaire Bailey	79622 Erick Edstrom	79663 Div. 12 Gertrude Seede	79707 Div. 23 Roosevelt School	79745 Div. 13 Elyene H. O'Leary
79583 No. 6 Margaret E. Wright	79623 Tacoma, Wash. Hattie Dolloff	79664 Div. 13 Lowell, Mass.	79708 Div. 24 Geda Soreng	79746 Div. 14 Mary C. Cram
79584 No. 7 Ada C. Gibson	79624 Loving Thoughts	79665 Div. 14 E. M. Macdonald	79709 Div. 25 Providence, R. I.	79747 Div. 15 Mary M. Brennan
79585 No. 8 Jennie C. Beaver	79625 Cathedral School	79666 Div. 15 M. I. Phelps	79710 Div. 26 Friends of the Helpless	79748 Div. 16 Evelyn Staples
79586 No. 1 Lillian Dysert	79626 Joseph Harney	79667 Div. 16 C. C. Walsh	79711 Div. 27 Pearl Lydia Beasley	79749 Div. 17 Doyle Ave. Gram. School
79587 No. 2 Ruth H. Forney	79627 No. 2	79668 Div. 17 G. M. Gardner	79712 Div. 28 Admiral St. Prim. School	79750 Div. 18 Doyle Ave. Humane Soc.
79588 Guy Richardson	79628 Milton Ryan	79669 Div. 18 C. G. Cover	79713 Div. 29 Kind Little Helpers	79751 Div. 19 Catherine D. Pike
79589 Jaa. S. Bell	79629 No. 3	79670 Div. 19 E. G. Common	79714 Div. 30 Annie Mahoney	79752 Div. 20 Frances H. Fowler
79590 New Orleans, La. Thomy Lafon School	79630 Joseph Kelley	79671 Div. 20 E. G. Kennedy	79715 Div. 31 Mary V. McCabe	79753 Div. 21 Elizabeth L. Forbes
79591 Busay Bees	79631 W. Duluth, Minn. Ely School	79672 Div. 21 M. F. Wing	79716 Div. 32 Theresa A. Donnelley	79754 Div. 22 S. Amelia Glaser
79592 Chester Boyer	79632 Florence Newstrand	79673 Div. 22 Agnes Bailey	79717 Div. 33 Frances G. Nolan	79755 Div. 23 Minnie E. Niles
79593 Sunbeam	79633 Willing Helpers	79674 Div. 23 D. B. MacBrayne	79718 Div. 34 Arnold St. School	79756 Div. 24 Minnie E. Niles
79594 Carrie Miles	79634 Cheerful Workers	79675 Div. 24 G. W. Balch	79719 Div. 35 Protectors of the Helpless	79757 Div. 25 N. G. Johnson
79595 Happy Hearts	79635 F. Margaret Johnson	79676 Div. 25 A. V. Donoghue	79720 Div. 36 Mary E. Bicknell	79758 Div. 26 Margaret C. Kelly
79596 Antoinette Gayden	79636 Agnes R. Holt	79677 Div. 26 M. A. Fay	79721 Div. 37 Susan McElroy	79759 Div. 27 Mary C. Johnson
79597 Little Helpers	79637 Band of Justice	79678 Div. 27 A. T. Fay	79722 Div. 38 Clara V. McCarthy	79760 Div. 28 Mary B. Leonard
79598 Hazel Danna	79638 Bernice Murray	79679 Div. 28 M. A. Metcalf	79723 Div. 39 Jessie M. Kimball	79761 Div. 29 Frances M. McCarty
79599 E. Northport, N. Y. Larkfield	79639 Ely Humane Society	79680 Div. 29 R. A. Dowd	79724 Div. 40 Elizabeth G. Hale	79762 Div. 30 Katherine K. McGinn
79600 Roger E. Stiles	79640 Harvey Wallan	79681 Div. 30 E. F. Garra	79725 Div. 41 Branch Ave. Primary Sch.	79763 Div. 31 Alice E. Presbrey
79601 Atlanta, Ga. Spelman	79641 Anti-Cruelty	79682 Div. 31 A. R. Keese	79726 Div. 42 Happy Workers	79764 Div. 32 C. K. Clarke
79602 Eugene Shapleigh	79642 Alta Jones	79683 Div. 32 M. A. Metcalf	79727 Div. 43 Katherine E. Murphy	79765 Div. 33 Bertha M. Aldrich
79603 Johnstown	79643 Deeds Not Words	79684 Div. 33 R. A. Dowd	79728 Div. 44 Anna V. Rice	
79604 Martin L. Weaver	79644 James Gillis	79685 Div. 34 E. F. Garra	79729 Div. 45 Laura A. Moran	
79605 W. Burlington	79645 Ely	79686 Div. 35 A. E. Hool		
79606 Gladys Hume	79646 Marie Rowe			
79607 Duluth, Minn. Nettleton School	79647 Sharow, Conn.			
79608 No. 10 Walter Wipson	79648 Grade V. and VI. Nina L. Juckett			
	79649 Lowell, Mass. Bartlett School			
	79650 Div. 1 B. A. Prescott			
	79651 Div. 2 B. A. Cheney			
	79652 Div. 3 Frances Clark			
	79653 Div. 4 A. L. Tucke			
	79654 Div. 5 A. D. Sunbury			
	79655 Div. 6 B. F. Batcheler			
	79656 Div. 7			
	79657 Div. 8 M. W. Roberts			
	79658 Div. 9 O. K. F. Farley			
	79659 Div. 10 C. H. McGarvey			
	79660 Div. 11 I. M. Conne			



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."
M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We are glad to report this month four hundred and twenty-seven new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of eighty thousand three hundred and ninety-eight, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "How to Form Bands of Mercy" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
 2. Annual Report of our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
 3. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," and "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That are Dumb."
 4. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.
 5. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."
 6. The "Humane Manual," and "Exercises for Teachers and Pupils," used on Humane Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.
 7. Fifteen "Humane Education Leaflets," containing pictures and selected stories and poems.
 8. For the president, an imitation gold badge.
- The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.
- Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.
- Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band without cost, and receive what we offer above.

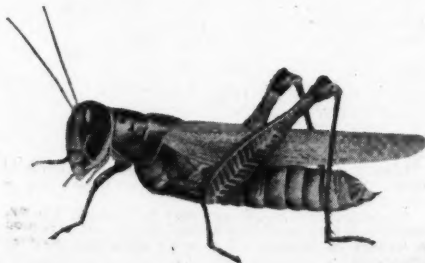
Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")
- 2.—Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

BAND OF MERCY BADGES

They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border. We sell the large size for two cents each and the small size for one cent each, postpaid, in quantities of five or more.

See last page for prices of other Band of Mercy supplies and humane publications.



Courtesy of *Suburban Life*

WHEN FROGS ARE HAPPY

For Our Dumb Animals

THE BLUING-BAG AND JACKIE

It was wash-day on board ship. Wash-day usually came after a heavy rain-storm, so, like certain other things, was a "movable feast." Now the Captain's wife had used powdered bluing, the kind that is tied up in a little white bag and "sozzled" around in the water, and unhappily this was left on the wash-bench, along with other articles dedicated to laundry-work, for the steward to take care of. When the latter worthy at last found time to attend to it, the bluing-bag was discovered on the deck, chewed into rags.

Who did it? The only thing to do was to find Jack and Digley. It didn't take long to decide then, for when the puppies were brought up for inspection, Digley, the Irish rat terrier, was immaculate, while the long, silky black hair of Jack, the retriever, was beautifully flecked with blue. Now bluing has never been prescribed as an article of diet for puppies, so the Captain immediately applied "first aid" to Jackie. All day long the patient lay against the hatch in front of his kennel, and by six o'clock it would have been hard to find a sicker dog. It certainly would have been an impossibility in that region. By ten o'clock he cried almost continually, and it proved too much for the Captain's wife. "Can't you do something else to help him?" she wailed.

"Oh yes, I can do something else to help him," said the Captain grimly, and taking down his revolver he went out to the kennel. Jackie was too sick even to lift his head or prick up his ears, but, as the Captain bent over him an instant, his tail moved almost imperceptibly. Such a feeble little waggle as it was, but it proved too much for the Captain.

"Great Scott," he muttered, "I can't do it," and slipping his revolver into his pocket he hurried back to the medicine-chest. All night long he sat by the dog, giving him medicine and hot water applications; and, when the morning came, a weak, staggering Jackie, alive and on the road to recovery, crawled out on deck, while the Captain shamefacedly went back to his cabin.

MAUD BUTLER.

BANDS OF MERCY GROWING

Through the efforts of the Washington, D. C., Humane Society, 1400 children joined the Band of Mercy during the month of April. More than 30,000 pupils of the public schools of that city are now members of this organization.

Mr. H. Veysey of the Beulah Home for Boys, Boyne City, Michigan, has organized 1159 pupils in the public and parochial schools of Boulder, Colorado, into Bands of Mercy, making thirty-two Bands in nine schools. Mr. Veysey is also organizing Bands of Mercy in various towns in Nebraska.

The New Hampshire Woman's Humane Society, which, under the able leadership of Mrs. M. Jennie Kendall of Nashua, has made its influence felt throughout the state by the appointment of efficient agents, has recently secured Mrs. E. G. Cate of Salem, New Hampshire, to organize Bands of Mercy.

BAND OF MERCY

An Exercise for Eleven Boys, Each Carrying a Large Gilt Letter

1. I'm first of a band of brothers,
Whom you all will quickly see;
Our names are in golden letters,
And mine is the letter **B**
2. I saw that my brother was coming,
So I left my work and my play;
I, too, am written in gold,
And I am the letter **A**
3. We'll be kind to every creature,
And we'll grow to be good men,
I am third in the company,
And my name is the letter **N**
4. I'll try to be honest and truthful
Whatever else I may be;
Dare to do right, is my motto,
For I am the letter **D**
5. The fifth in this grand procession,
My name you soon will know;
Round and shining, a golden ring,
I'm called the letter **O**
6. I am a friend of the helpless,
To their cries I never am deaf;
I always try to aid them;
And my letter, you see, is **F**
7. Cowards are mean and cruel,
I suppose you have all seen them;
I mean to be brave and gentle
And I am the letter **M**
8. Kind and tender and loving,
I will always try to be,
Helping the weak and feeble,
And I'm called the letter **E**
9. Never a braver company
Was gathered from near or far;
There are always wrongs to be righted,
And I am the letter **R**
10. I'm one of the valiant company,
Merry and happy are we;
I look like a golden crescent,
And am called the letter **C**
11. I'm last in this band of brothers,
And to do my best I'll try;
I'll stand in line with the others,
And here is my letter **Y**

ALL

And now if you read our names with care
A Band of Mercy you'll find,
That means to all living creatures
We've agreed to be good and kind.
We'll protect them from cruel usage,
Their rights we'll try to defend,
And wherever you chance to see us,
You will find us the animals' friend.

It is our duty to take good care of our dogs and cats for their sake, as well as for that of our neighbors.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for April, 1911

Fines and witness fees, \$147.61.

Gift from Estate of Miss E. B. Lothrop by Mr. C. H. Lothrop for the Angell Memorial Building, \$500; gift from Estate of Rufus Sawyer by Miss Zipporah Sawyer for the Angell Memorial Building, \$500; Miss Emily V. Lindsley, \$100; Miss S. A. Craft, \$50; Henry Siegel & Co., \$25; Mrs. Sarah F. Searle, \$20, of which \$10 for Angell Memorial Building; Mrs. H. W. Warren, \$10; Mrs. Daniel B. Kempton, \$5.50; Walter B. Pope, \$5.25; Mrs. G. H. Hopkins, \$3; Mrs. O. B. Wetherell, \$3; Mrs. H. F. Roberts, \$3; Mrs. G. E. Saunders, \$3, of which \$1 for Angell Memorial Building; Sale by Henry K. White, P. L. Saltonstall, Jr., and Fred'k Laurence, \$2.55; Mrs. John Beattie, \$2.50; Miss A. M. Strout, \$2.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH

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A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow.
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock.
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up.
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like the poppy looking down
When its heart is filled with dew
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon.
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarrys in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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